

J. O'Brien

M E M O I R S

A N D

A N E C D O T E S

O F

PHILIP THICKNESSE,

L A T E

LIEUTENANT Governor

OF LAND GUARD FORT,

AND UNFORTUNATELY

father to GEORGE Touchet,

BARON AUDLEY.

VOL. II.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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AN OCCASIONAL

INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD any book come from the press, at a time that so great a national calamity has befallen us, without offering up our prayers to GOD to remove it? I think not; especially when we see with the deepest concern, that instead of uniting in supplicating the ALMIGHTY to strengthen us, we seem threatened with still greater calamities!!

I will therefore suppose, that there existed no absolute law of this land, that if the father of a family was rendered by the visitation of GOD, unable to manage his estate, or to govern his household; but who had a son of full age, and abides to govern for him, till it should please God to restore his father to his former health, and

state

The INTRODUCTION.

state of mind ; a set of strangers should take possession of his house and estates ; and say to the son, “ Go hence, we have an equal right with you ! no law exists to deprive us of the power we assume, and therefore we will exercise it.” Suppose then the astonished son obtains a power to convene a council of wise and honest Judges to establish the LAW OF RIGHT ; what would be their decision ? would they not unanimously say, let the law of GOD, and of NATURE take place ; let the son who is to inherit his father's fortune when he dies, manage it during his parents incapacity. It is his inheritance and he is the most likely to govern it with prudence, discretion, and moderation.

How much more important then is it, when such a matter is to be determined for a Father not only of a family, but of a great and mighty Kingdom ? Shall the son of our unfortunate M

na

The INTRODUCTION.

March, be shut out of that temporary power
over these Kingdoms, and that household to
which he is the legal inheriter? GOD FORBID.
I am sure all loyal subjects will say, GOD FOR-
BID; it is the voice of NATURE; it is the law
of GOD, and it is the only reason that the law
of man has not been exercised to confirm it, it
would be flying in the face of GOD and NA-
TURE, to controul it. This is not subtle Lo-
cal, Oratorical language, but it is I hope and
believe, the language which will impress every
honest man's bosom who reads it, for it is un-
doubted truth. I will not, though I am pos-
sessed of sufficient matter, point out the great
and elevated understanding of the Prince,
who must be called upon to exercise the pow-
er of SOLE REGENT, or I could shew how for-
tunate it is for the nation, that while our
MORTAL FATHER is incapacitated to govern;
his

The INTRODUCTION.

his PRINCELY son will hold the reins with dignity to the HIGH STATION he is called to, and with satisfaction to his ROYAL FATHER's LOYAL SUBJECTS.

THE AUTHOR.

Dec. the 25th, 1788.

THE STORY OF THE

WOODEN GUN,

*as it was hastily sketched out for the Information of a Lady, now residing at Bath, and long before the relater had any Idea of publishing it.**

It is very natural Madam, that you should wish to hear the particulars of story, now you are grown up to years of maturity, which you say excited much of your curiosity, even when you was a child, for I verily believe, that during some years, the wooden gun was a topic often touched upon in Britain, as the bon mask was in France, and perhaps, is at this day as little understood; I shall

A 2

therefore

* The Lady of Admiral G——r.

therefore Madam, as well as my memory can, without any minutes to assist it, comply with your request, in relating the most material points of a quarrel which commenced by what the French call *un mal-entendu*, and which, though trifling in the beginning, was attended with very serious consequences to the two principals, and even involved many other persons into very disagreeable and unpleasant toward situations; ridiculous as such a narrative may appear, at the distance of full twenty years since its commencement it may have its use, by shewing in what manner, little misunderstandings may become productive of fatal consequences, and how necessary it is not to be too quick in forming opinions, by conceiving rumours

ness or incivility is meant, when attention, and the utmost propriety only was intended. The circumstances arising from the dispute between Lord Orwell and myself, has clearly convinced me, that it is much safer to have a misunderstanding with a sensible knave, than with a vain proud, or weak honest man; and here it may be necessary to observe, that the consequences, and censure, ought to fall on the first aggressor, and I flatter myself Madam, however partial I may sensibly become by relating facts, in which I was so seriously an interested party, that you will believe I cannot deviate so much from candour and truth; but that you may be able to see your way; to form a just judgment; and determine on which

which side the weakness, the wickedness of the prosecution (I was going to say persecution) preponderated. I believe Madam that you and every person of sense will allow, that military knowledge cannot be conveyed by the King's sign manual, and that nothing but inspiration can impart the knowledge or duty of a soldier, the minute the sovereign is pleased to confer a military command. In this situation however, Colonel Vernon of the late Lord Orwell, and since, Earl of Shipbrook stood, when his Majesty appointed him to the command of the Eastern Battalion of the Suffolk militia; but before I proceed further, it may be necessary for me to observe, that Colonel Vernon was the nephew of the renowned

Admiral

Admiral Vernon, and singled out from his other nephews, to be his sole heir, and that as I had served in the fleet at Jamaica, under that Admiral's command, and not approving of his conduct to the soldiers under mine, I had rather a dislike to the name, and therefore, when Mr. Vernon came to take possession of the Admiral's house and estates, in the neighbourhood of Land Guard Fort, of which garrison I was then Lieutenant Governor, *I did not visit* him, but meeting him one day near a little cottage I then possessed, in a very narrow lane, I pulled off my hat as we passed; soon after which, we stop'd at a little farm of his own, and describing my person, asked the farmer what officer it was he had just met? and
being

being informed, he rode back to my cottage, and without alighting, entered into a very civil conversation with me, and when he went away, said he should be glad to see me at NACTON; and though I was far from feeling any personal dislike to Mr. Vernon, after this conversation, it so happened, that I did not visit him, but soon after, Mr. Vernon was appointed Colonel of the Suffolk militia, consisting of eight companies, four of which were sent to do garrison duty under my command. It then instantly occurred to me how negligent I had been, in not visiting *Mr. Vernon*, and how necessary it was instantly to visit *Colonel Vernon*, as he could not, without much awkwardness to himself, and to me too, see that part of his

corps

corps under my command, without taking
 some civil notice of one, who had seemed
 to slight his acquaintance; and as he was
 at that time in London, I wrote to his Ad-
 jutant, with whom I was well acquainted,
 to let me know by a special messenger,
 the first day the Colonel arrived at Nacton
 that I might pay my compliments to him;
 and this the Adjutant accordingly did,
 and on that very day I waited on him,
 and was received with the utmost civility.
 Colonel Vernon then expressed how much
 he was pleased with the situation of his
 corps, one part being at Ipswich, the other
 at the Fort, and his own house between
 both. Before we parted, I desired him to
 name a day to visit that part of his corps
 which had the honor to command, and hoped

B

that

that he would eat a Barrack dinner with me when he did, this being settled and the day fixed, he came accompanied by his Adjutant, and returned, as the Adjutant afterwards informed me, pleased in every respect, and said several civil things of me. He soon after, invited me to dine with him, entertained me and some of his own officers, with great hospitality and I returned, not less pleased from Nahton, than I understood he returned from the Fort. From this clear state of facts, it seems evident, that the utmost good will prevailed on both sides; confident I am, it did on mine, and therefore a few days after, on my way to Ipswich I made Colonel Vernon a third visit; which time, he observed, that a know-
led

edge of garrison duty would be of service
 to his whole corps, and therefore said he,
 when the four companies now under your
 command have been two months on that
 duty, I will relieve them, by sending the
 other four in exchange; I was not much
 surpris'd, that a gentleman whose *first*
 commission gave him the command of a
 regiment, should propose such a thing,
 but I was very sure the secretary at war
 would have been infinitely surpris'd, had
 he permitted such an exchange to have
 taken place without his knowledge, nay
 I know, that my character as a soldier,
 and my bread was at stake, if after I had
 received the King's command to admit
 the troops *then* in duty, I had permitted
 any others, even of the same corps, to

relieve them, but by the same authority
i. e. an official letter in the King's name
 from the War office. This I mentioned
 with all imaginable civility, as an irregu-
 lar mode of proceeding; but the Colonel
 told me with some seeming warmth, that
 he had mentioned his intentions to Lord
 Ligonier and to Mr. Charles Townshend
 (then Secretary at war) and *that they had*
both consented to the exchange proposed.
 Nevertheless Sir, do not I beseech you
 I, urge me to consent also, to an unjustifi-
 ble measure, but either write yourself to
 the War office, or permit me, as I should
 be sorry to see the troops from Ipswich
 arrive at the garrison gates, and then
 obliged not to receive them. Upon which
 Colonel Vernon struck his hand violently
 upon

upon his breast, and with a face as red as
 crimson, again *asserted that he had per-*
mission to change them, and change them
 he would; wondering that I *doubted* his
 word! he then asked me *hastily* if I would
 drink chocolate, but in such a manner,
 that it plainly implied, a *parting cup*; I
 took the hint, and retired, but much
 hurt, that he should have so misconceived
 my real sentiments; for I had no more
 doubt but that he had mentioned the
 matter to Lord Ligonier and to Mr. Town-
 send, and that they had both consented
 to it, than if I had been present when
 they did; but the Colonel could see it in
 no other light, than that of *doubling his*
word! and therefore from that minute de-
 termined to begin playing the low game
 of

of cross purposes with me. His first move was, to kill a Buck, send it to his officers under my command, to be divided among them, and to overlook me, the division of which was made in my kitchen, in order to *roast me* instead of the venison. The next move was, to order his Major to prepare the men for *his Review*, on a certain day, on the *outside* of the garrison and consequently beyond the reach of my command; and therefore I took the liberty absolutely to forbid that mode of reviewing the troops of the garrison under my command, not his, till he sent to me, to ask it as a favor, and promised that the men should return to their duty the minute the Review was over, for I found in all points of military Etiquette

he was as ignorant, as he was of common
 good manners; he accordingly, but re-
 luctantly complied with my requisition,
 and the men were marched out for his
 review, during which time I took my horse
 and rode to my cottage hard by, without
 making any notice of the Colonel who was
then under my command. From that mi-
 nute, I fancy the Colonel began to suspect,
 that matters might brew into a *tête a tête*
 review between him and me, for as soon
 as I was gone, he entered the garrison,
 left his name at my door, and sent his
 adjutant after me to desire I would eat a
 cold pasty, with him and his officers at his
 neighbouring farm, but as he had *so sorely*
disappointed my venison appetite for a bit of
 hot haunch just before, I desired to de-
 cline

cline that honor, but I should have observed, that after I had the last interview with him at Naſton, I wrote to Mr. Townſhend, a ſhort letter, to tell him Colonel Vernon's inclinations relative to the change of men, and asked him whether I had the KING's *permiſſion* to let that exchange take place? and it ſeems the Colonel too, had wrote a long letter of complaint againſt me, on the ſame ſubject. In reply to my letter, Mr. Townſhend honoured me with a private answer under his *own* hand, beginning thus. "per
return you thanks for the attention you
upon all occaſions ſhew to me, and to my
office, Colonel Vernon mentioned the
matter to me before, and I am ſorry to
find he is grown all of a ſudden, ſo jea-
lo

lous of the war office; but as you have
 not that jealousy, its a matter of indiffer-
 ence to me in whose name orders are
 brought to you." If I was a little too much
 elated in receiving such a particular mark
 of approbation, and attention from such
 a man as Mr. Charles Townshend, it can-
 not be wondered at, I shewed his letter to
 every body, and pointed out the implied
 censure it contained of Colonel Vernon's
 conduct, which greatly encreased his re-
 sentment, and soon after an event hap-
 pened, which he weakly flattered himself,
 would enable him to gain a compleat vic-
 tory over me; here it must be observed
 this was in war time, when I commanded
 a frontier garrison of importance, and at
 a time too that the Queen was hourly ex-
 C pected

pected to land at, or pass under the walls of the Fort, into Harwich Harbour. Notwithstanding which, I had observed several of Colonel Vernon's officers, absented themselves from their duty without my leave, and even to be absent all night. I therefore repeated my former orders, in stronger terms, and positively forbid any officer of that garrison quitting his duty without first obtaining his own superior officers leave, and then mine; nevertheless Captain Lynch, one of Colonel Vernon's Corps, a man possessing a better heart, than good manners, or attention to military discipline, took his horse, and before my face rode away in defiance of all *civil or military attention*. I sent to the Major who commanded, to know whether

the noble Captain was to return that night, and if not, ordered a serjeant to follow him, and to require his immediate return to his duty, or, to let me know whether his absence was owing to contempt to *my* authority, or to discipline, and his own duty? this message was delivered the same evening to him at Ipswich, but the Captain did not return to his duty, till two days afterwards, and then, I was under a necessity of either putting him under an arrest, or giving up for ever all chance of supporting that necessary authority my duty and safety laid me under; * Captain Lynch was therefore put under an arrest, as soon as he entered the Fort, and when

C 2

he

* I contrived to meet the noble Captain upon the Road, the Day he returned, but he passed me without even the Salutation of the Hat.

he had continued so twenty four hours, I
 sent to know whether he had any reasons
 to offer why I should not (for I was very
 unwilling to give so much trouble above
 lay his conduct before the secretary at
 War! but the Captain, being of the same
 wrong headed line with his Colonel, had
 none he said, so far from it, that he in-
 sisted on being tried at a Court Martial
 encouraged no doubt, in so *laudable*
cause, by his noble Colonel, though
 must be observed, that there was no good
 understanding in a political line, between
 the Captain and Colonel, who was the
 member for Ipswich, where the Captain
 was much esteemed, and had no small
 share of electioneering interest to bestow
 the Colonel therefore, with some chance

of success, flattered himself that by being
 named President of the Court Martial, he
 might, by shewing such *kind attention* to
 the *unfortunate prisoner*, and such con-
 tempt to the *disciplinarian Gov.* as to kill
 two birds with one stone, and gain a vic-
 tory in the field of battle, as well as in
 the rotine of election; a scheme better
 conceived, however than executed, for
 he failed in both. However the day of
 trial arrived, and the Colonel with a
 train of his officers, arrived also at the
 port; they came directly to my house,
 and the Colonel asked me why I took the
 liberty of putting out the names of two
 officers whom *he* had appointed members
 of the Court Martial, and putting down
 the names of two others? he was informed,
 by

by the same authority that he is now ordered out of that house, into the chapel where the members were to assemble, and where I would bring the prisoner, and support the charges for which he was confined, * observing at the same time, that I, not HE commanded within those walls and that within them, I knew my own authority and importance as much, or did my insignificance without the walls. The officers were accordingly assembled the Adjutant, mentioned above, was named judge advocate, and the members were by him SWORN to administer justice according to the rules and articles of War, he however, was as ignorant of his

* He was so ignorant as not to know that if all the Colonels or Generals in the Army had come into that Fort upon duty, they would be under my command.

duty as a judge advocate, as his Colonel and the prisoner were of military discipline, for he proceeded to try the prisoner before the warrant, signed by the Arch Bishop of Canterbury, and all the regency (for the King was abroad) was read, for that being read, could alone constitute them a legal court, but that warrant remained (where it now is,) in my pocket. The court however *thought* themselves competent to try, and did try the prisoner, and the President often attempted to try me too, by using very indecent and improper expressions, such as “ *you disciplinarian you, Mr. Governor, &c. &c.* I will not trouble you Madam with the minutes of this very extraordinary tryal, further than to say, that the prisoner, who at
bottom

bottom is a very honest man, acknowledged that he did go without my leave, that he did, the same night, receive my orders to return to his duty, but that he did not return till a day or two afterwards. You will naturally wonder then that such a military culprit, should have insisted upon being tried at a Court Martial, but I must instantly recall your wonder to another, and a greater matter!! The court (I believe unanimously) found him NOT GUILTY, AND ACQUITTED HIM WITH HONOR!!! The sentence of Courts Martial, are never made public till the King has approved, or disapproved the sentence yet, having no doubt *how* the matter had been decided, I followed their *proceedings* to London; and entreated the favor of

Mr. Townshend, not only to read the sentence, but to cast his eye over the minutes; he replied I have, and I really am at a loss, said he, to know what advice to give THE CROWN (that was his expression) and then observed; it is not right, to disclose the sentence of a Court Martial,— But to acquit a man who acknowledges himself guilty, is * * * * *

* * * * * Soon after his Majesty's pleasure was known, the judge Advocate informed me, that the King could not confirm the sentence by which Captain Lynch had been acquitted, “ *because the charge stands clear, and uncontradicted by the prisoner!*” a very gentle but prudent manner, of setting the gentle judges down: however Captain Lynch, in consideration

D

of

of his *long* and *close* confinement, for he *had only the range of the whole garrison to breathe in*, was released, and Mr. Townsend with great propriety, moved Colonel Vernon's corps from Land Guard Fort, and replaced it, with part of Sir Armine Woodhouse Norfolk militia, who with his officers, came into that duty, (in spite of all the prejudices endeavoured to be raised against the commanding officer) with the utmost good temper, good discipline; and polite behaviour; a conduct which distinguished them wherever they went, and which will always be remembered by me with the utmost satisfaction, gratitude, and respect. Soon afterwards however, to the astonishment of every body! Sir Armine's corps was moved

moved, though they professed to like
 their quarters exceedingly, and Colonel
 Vernon's, then just created Baron Orwell,
 returned to their old quarters!! If Mr.
 Townshend's *previous conduct*, would tally
 with his future, one would think he had
 returned Lord Orwell's corps, on purpose
 to make a smothered blaze, which he knew
 had long been on the eve of bursting
 forth, for I had by a variety of provoking
 quendoes intimated, that the *disciplina-*
rian Governor would not sit down quietly,
 without *that sort of* satisfaction, which one
 gentleman expects from another, or an
 acknowledgement, and an apology for
 such impertinent behaviour; but the per-
 son of his Lordship was almost as difficult
 to be seen as the grand Turks. It was ne-

cessary however, that the new created Lord, should become re-elected as member for the borough of Ipswich, and as all is fair game at an election, the following printed hand bills were dispersed by my servants, my friends, and his enemies

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Shortly will be published, and generously given gratis, for the benefit of the extensive family (now in the utmost distress) the family of the Wrongheads, of Wronghead Hall, in the county of Suffolk, a letter

To the Wrong Honorable,

Mr. President Upstart,

Giving a full and particular account of the origin of a late *militious* quarrel—The first wrongheaded cause of his Wronghead

tak

making umbrage—His Wrongship's private
 views miscarry—The discipline doctor's
 prescription read in public—It is *taken*,
 and brought up again,—The shame and
 gloe that has already arose from young
 Esq. Wronghead's obstinacy—A surmise
 how much more may—He alone answer-
 ble—His military exploits—Mr. Presi-
 dent Wronghead's sanguine expectations
 miscarry—The young Esquires *secret*
 cause of disobedience, known only to
 himself and *one more*, some account of
 old song, sung at a late Camp,—The
 sentence it gave, and why—The downfall
 of a Major, and the upstart of a Captain;
 some notice of a letter from Camp giving
 account of a wrong honorable enter-
 prise, The ingratitude of the writer,
 —A

—A new method (much approved) of separating wine by a piece of chalk * How to know Port from Claret at a certain table without tasting either.—A fray among the grave stones—Four challenges and no blood shed! with a curious plate and references of a new invented piece of ordnance weighing only four pounds, made without either *iron or brass*, the whole illustrated with serious and humourous remarks, by a disbanded militia man without a head, but in possession of a very good tail piece.

N. B. To be lett or sold a new erected mansion house, known by the name *Wronghead Hall*, fit for a man of honour.

* His Lordship had Claret for the upper part of his and Port for the lower, and Captain Lynch chalked how the Claret was to descend.

being very near a Blacksmith's shop and a Church.—great plenty of game, but *un- fortunately* it is not the mannour house. Enquire at Admiral Vernon's *head* in P—p—t Lane.—The only reason the present possessor parts with it, is, the air being too keen for the gout, and the situation rather too near a powder magazine.

Quere. If a man be proved guilty of wilful and premeditated perjury, can any set of people be so mean to elect such a —n to represent them upon any occasion, without subjecting themselves to be considered encouragers and promoters of crime the most impudent, and the most famous? surely if such a representative should be made choice of, they will shew his face on the day of election through a
round

*round hole, instead of clapping his ba—
—f—e on a cushion.*

This balderdash grub, being local, could only be understood by the *then* inhabitants of Ipswich, but one part is necessary now to be explained, to the well understanding of what is to follow, *i. e.* the *Be* *fray among the grave stones*, for it seems that Lord Orwell had said to the Bailiff of Ipswich, that he would not carry the address of that borough to the King, in company with such a f——l as Mr. S——n, Mr. S——n being told that he buckled himself on to an old sword, and sent to Lord Orwell, to meet him in the Town church yard, Ipswich, and there demanded satisfaction, but this was declined, and his Lordship retired to Scarborough.

must now return to the Fort, where Major Negus commanded the four companies of Lord Orwell's corps, and who, either from simplicity, or obstinacy, set the garri-son orders at naught, which I did not at that time much attend to, as Lady Betty, my late wife, was in a very alarming and dangerous state of body and mind, nor should I have attended *then* to this mere disobedience to orders, had he not drawn his men up in *array* under her Matted chamber window, and made them fire their pieces, so as not only to alarm my wife, but so terrified her, that she did not recover her right senses till three days afterwards. Indeed the passion such an insult, offered to her, and to me, un-der such afflicting circumstances, drove

E

me

me almost mad, and I plainly told the Major, I would confine him in the black hold, if he did not instantly dismiss his men, and keep silence, which he then did. Lady Betty survived this insult about three weeks only, and the night had followed her to the grave, after my servants and the Chaplain were gone to bed, I wrote the Major a letter, requiring him instantly to meet me at the back of it, and give me satisfaction for so base and violating the dictates of humanity, and disobeying garrison duty; as I could see into his apartments from mine, I perceived he was up, and I concluded for considerable time, that he was preparing to meet me as I had desired, but upon my sending a *second* Letter, he returned

the following answer, the original of which now lies before me.

Sir,
“ You will excuse my giving you satisfaction in the manner you require, and the same time give me leave to assure you that I never intended any insult either to the departed Lady or yourself, and further give me leave to condole with you for the late Lady Betty whom I esteemed for her many virtues.

I am Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

WM. NEGUS.

LAND-GUARD-FORT,

past Two o'Clock in the Morning,

April the 8th, 1762.

E 2

Thus

Thus warmed by resentment, and depressed with affliction, I rashly sent a letter to the St. James's Chronicle wherein I observed, that where an officer first disobeys the orders of his superior, aggravates it by disregarding the dictates of humanity, and when called upon to answer for such insolent and wanton conduct, writes the following letter, little spirit or services could be expected from such a man, when called forth into public service. The Major's letter, thus published, and so severely prefaced, induced Lord Orwell, who hated him, to call forth a consultation of his Corps, the result was, that the eldest Captain, should wait upon him, and tell him he must either fight me, or resign. The Major declared

he would not fight in a wrong cause, and
 that as he was, or seemed to be, the ag-
 gressor, he would rather resign; by this
 time however I had been almost convin-
 ced that what the Major had said in his
 letter was true, and that it was rather an
 inconsiderate act, than an inhumane one;
 he had ladies with him, and he had a
 mind to shew himself to advantage, and
 how well his men could perform their
 evolutions, so that the only part of my
 conduct in this long contested business,
 which at this day gives me any sensible
 concern, is, my being the cause of the
 Major's resignation, a gentleman to whom
 we believe the pay as Major was of some
 importance to his family; but they had
 insinuated that the first time I met him in
 public

public I intended to insult him; to obviate which, I wrote to him, urged him not to resign, and assured him that whenever we did meet, he should receive no incivilities from me, but all I could say availed nothing, he would he said resign, and did so.

After this long preamble Madam, you will naturally ask, but where is the wooden gun, and what has all this to do with the pith of the dispute? why Madam the gun was all this time a *Scare-crow* on board of some collier's ship in the ocean, but being washed over board, drop't over by some accident, it was driven at my feet, on the sea beach near the Fort, while I was taking my evening walk and at that instant, it occurred to me, the

it might prove a piece of suitable ord-
 nance to accompany the noble Lord's re-
 giment, as they were just going to camp.
 I therefore took it home with me, tied a
 label round what is called the *Cornish-hug*
 of an iron cannon, and the following
 address.—With Major Negus's compli-
 ments to the right Honorable Lord Orwell
 to be left in *the Tower church yard* 'till
 called for; that being the place where Mr.
 Stanton had invited Lord Orwell to a
 private interview, which he had declined;
 and though the address on the gun was in
 Major Negus's name, the direction was of
 my hand writing, and it went to Ipswich
 with me; stood some hours visible in
 my chaise before it took its station on the
 tomb-stone, in the Tower church yard,
 and

and had been visited by hundreds in both places, till at length, a stay maker who lived there, took it into his house, and shewed it to the curious, at a penny per person. As soon as the news of this piece of artillery arrived at Naſton, Lord Orwell, who very well knew the *train* in which it came, pleaded ignorance, and wrote to the major to ask him whether he had sent it? he replied, *by assuring his Lordship he did not!!* I then took occasion to observe, in the coffee-house at Ipswich and in the presence of several of his own officers, that if he would make the same enquiry of me, which had been made of Major Negus, I would inform him whether I sent it, and *why* it was sent; but to my great astonishment, I found the next

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quity was at the bar of the King's Bench, where he swore that I had sent it to reflect on his courage as an officer, and to render him ridiculous in the eyes of his Majesty's subjects, that he believed the hand writing to be mine, and that I had dispersed a paper at Ipswich, during the time of his election, intimating that he had been guilty of wilful and premeditated perjury on the tryal of Captain Lynch.

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This

* Tenacious as those Gentlemen were for the *honor of their corps* upon seeing their Major held out in the St. James's Chronicle; there had appeared in the same paper, a much sorer Letter, a Letter which *reflected highly* upon the conduct of their *mock Court Martial*, and when I had occasion to go to London, and leave the Command of the garrison to that honorable corps, I pasted up that news paper upon one of the pillars in the chapel, and told the commandant I expected it to remain there, and there I found it upon my return!! but if there had been a single grain of true spirit among them, they would have tossed up, which of them would have had the honor of tearing it down, there was not then, nor is not now another corps of militia in the kingdom, who would have suffered such a paper to have stood a single minute, where it remained for months.

This business came to tryal before a special jury, some months after at St. Edmund's Bury, where (though I acknowledge I was guilty of the whole charge) I protest I was convicted by the most impudent p——y; but not procured, I verily believe, by Lord Orwell. The late Sir William Bunbury, father of Sir Charles, had very kindly invited me to spend a week at Barton, near St. Edmund's Bury, previous to that tryal, with a view, I believe, of shewing the court, and the country gentlemen what *his opinion* was of the prosecution, for some people called it a persecution, and the jury who found me guilty, did me the honor to invite me to breakfast with them the next morning and I am very certain had the *punishment*

as well as the *guilt*, been left to their determination, my sentence would not have been imprisonment three months in the King's Bench, a hundred pound fine to the King, and securities in two friends, of five hundred pounds each, and myself in a thousand, to keep the peace for seven years! As my man servant and my printer were likewise prosecuted on the same libelous matter, the expences of which all fell upon me, I may justly say, first and last, it was not less than a thousand pounds expence to me, and a much greater sum I dare say to his Lordship. The tryal came on before Mr. Justice Denison, at a time that he seemed almost superannuated, Mr. De Grey however was one of my council, to whom I gave

sixty guineas for attending it, and Mr. Willes was his Lordship's. Lord Orwell, contrary to the advice of his friends, appeared in court, and sat upon the judges bench, while I, the poor culprit, was below the bar, with nothing but a little model of the wooden gun in my hand, and Mr. De Grey's brilliant talents to protect me, and to be sure he gave the noble Lord, a good sixty pounds worth of chastisement. What said he! the nephew of the renowned Admiral Vernon; who took PORTO BELLO with six ships *only*, to bring a gentleman into this court to vindicate his courage; it cannot be my Lord. I am asleep, it is a dream, said he, but I am awake, I must say, that if I had presided at any court whatever, and could

have put my hand to my heart, and have
 said I had conscientiously done my duty
 like an honest man, I would never have
 construed a dirty bit of paper, thrown
 about at the time of an election, a paper
 applicable to any man in this court, or
 in this county, as to Lord Orwell, to have
 been an insinuation that I had been guilty
 of wilful and premeditated perjury, or
 as it said he (turning his eyes to Lord
 Orwell,) that your conscience my Lord,
 retorted it upon you? and as to your cou-
 rage my Lord, that stands just where it
 did. But my Lord, turning to the judge,
 now recollect it is a family failing, for
 remember I was council for a poor
 man brought into this court by Admiral
 Vernon himself, for saying (tho' he had
 just

just before taken Porto Bello with six ships only,) that he was a traitor to his country after about two hours harrangue in this way, Mr. De Grey thought, and so did I that he had given me a lumping penny worth for my penny; and Mr. Justice Denison, then degenerated into an old w——n, began to sum up the heads of the charges, but not without two clerks and prompters one at each elbow; and thus he began.—Here, here—what is the Lord's name?—Orwell?—here, here, it seems that Lord Orwell has been throwing about in lanes, alleys, and streets, certain libellous papers and — —no my Lord, no Lord Orwell, he is the prosecutor,—and who is the other? Governor Thicknesse aye, aye, *General Thicknesse*, I thought

he was a Lord, but it is no matter, he is
 clearly guilty, and so the jury must find
 him. About six months afterwards, I ap-
 peared in Westminster Hall to receive the
 judgement as mentioned above, and had
 the honor of being put into the custody
 of a Tipstaff, who however took my word
 for going *alone* to the prison of the King's
 Bench ; some time in the evening of the
 same day, but before I had been twenty
 four hours in durance, I was thunder-
 struck with reading in several of the
 morning papers the following paragraph.
 Yesterday Philip Thicknesse, Esq. who
 was committed to the King's Bench Prison
 for publishing a false, scandalous, and in-
 famous libel, on the Right Honorable
 Lord Orwell, made his escape from the
 said

said prison, was re-taken, and brought
 back again." Whereupon I sent to eight
 different printers who had inserted the
 falsehood, to know by what authority
 they had published it; and seven of them
 sent me Lord Orwell's letter, containing
 the above falsehood, and insisting that
 they inserted it in their papers, and that
 he would be answerable for it. Where-
 upon the Tipstaff, to whose care I had been
 delivered, went before the Lord Mayor
 and swore that the whole was false, and
 his affidavit soon after made its appear-
 ance in the same papers. After having spent
 part of the months of February, March,
 April, and May, with great mirth and
 festivity, at my *Town-House* in St. George's
 Fields, the then Marshal, who had treated

me with great kindness, threw open the
 prison doors, and I had the *honor* of be-
 ing huzza'd out by the prisoners, at the
 head of whom, was a justice of the Peace,
 and at the tail, the Cock-lane scratching
 girl, her father, her mother, and the ce-
 lebrated young scotchman Dunn, who
 was confined for attempting to assassinate
 Wilkes. I then returned to resume my
 command at Land Guard Fort, and Lord
 Arwell retired to Nafton, in perfect secu-
 rity as to his person, but he did not find
 his *mind* in a much better state than be-
 fore Tryal. He had just built a fine
 house at Nafton, and I had just bought a cot-
 tage built in the form of a country church
 directly opposite it, it was called High
 Hall, and as every man has, thank God,

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in this land, a right to decorate his own house in what manner he pleases, it pleased me to mount a very formidable two and forty wooden pounder, between the windows in the Tower of High Hall, with the following doggrel lines in legible characters beneath it.

ALTHO' I ne'er with thunder broke,
 Nor hid a coward in a smoak;
 Although no man e'er saw my fellow,
 At Carthagene or Porto Bello;
 No gun that e'er was made of metal,
 Nor tinker with a brazen kettle,
 Nor gun that ever dealt in blood,
 Or ever crossed the briny flood,
 Did ever make such loud report,
 At death of men, or joy at court,

As this fame gun which here you fee,
 Although of mock Artillery;
 Which by the tide was hap'ly faven,
 By floating into *Orwell Haven*, *
 Sav'd by the favor of the tide,
 So! high I hang to shew my pride,
 The pride of Nacton, happy station,
 A village fam'd throughout the nation;
 For though I'm only heart of oak,
 I speak it not by way of joke,
 It cost in money hard and found,
 The sum of fifteen hundred pound,
 And every year for seven to pass,
 Shall every lad, who with his lass,
 Of Nacton parish join their hands,
 And no *Upstart* forbid the banns,
 Shall find within this homely cot,
 A hearty welcome to the pot,

G 2

A

* The Harbour of Land Guard Fort is so called,

A pudding smoaking on the board,
 And all that house and host afford,
 Nay, not to baulk them of their fun,
 A lodging found them at THE GUN,
 Provided that the maiden say,
 I'll have it Roger, on the 7th of May.*

The novelty of the house, the singularity of the wooden gun, and the oddity of the paltry lines on the front of it brought an infinite number of people to see it, beside all those who visited his Lordship; for there was not a window in the front of his house, which had no High Hall in view. Here was no liberty, no King's Bench Bar to fly to, nor any breach of the peace; what then was to

* The day I came out of prison.

done to heal this dreadful eye sore? Why
 a Petition to the King, to remove me to
 some other garrison; but even that might
 not remove High Hall. At length however,
 Mr. Welbore Ellis was pleased to send me
 a verbal message, desiring *when it was con-*
venient, to see me in Town, and when I ar-
 rived there, to follow him into the coun-
 try as far as Twickenham; and there, in the
 house of the *departed* Mr. POPE, I found
 the *living* Mr. Welbore Ellis, who not think-
 ing I had not spent quite money enough
 among lawyers, in a prison, &c. honoured
 me with this little jaunt to see his Villa,
 and to receive *the King's commands*; and so
 with that *gentleness of manners*, and *incon-*
ceivable address which has rendered him the
admiration of all the world for half a Cen-
tury,

tury, he told me that the King had not
 taken any notice of my incapacity to do
 my military duty, that his Majesty knew
 I had a large family, and as he believed
 I was a man of some abilities, he was dis-
 posed to overlook my past conduct to
 Lord Orwell, provided I would give my
 word of honor never more to disturb the
 peace of his Lordship; observing, that we
 were both servants, as well as subjects
 and that his Majesty expected to be obey-
 ed. I expressed how happy I should be
 upon all and every occasion, to pay obe-
 dience to the King's commands, and ob-
 served also, that if I had not been so par-
 ticularly honoured, by being called two
 hundred miles from my home and my fa-
 mily, a letter would have enjoined me to

steadily

readily to my observance, as the personal interview I was then honoured with; and beside, that I flattered myself I had laid Lord Orwell's conduct so compleatly before the public, that it would have appeared downright cowardice in me to meddle with him any further; and after again expressing my *obligations to Mr. Ellis*, which *I shall never forget*, I took my leave, and returned once more to my duty at Sand Guard Fort. I well knew that Lord Orwell could not have the face to tell Mr. Ellis in what manner High Hall was embellished, but being tired down with the weight of *metal*, though not of gold, in this business, I determined to take down the wooden gun, blot the doggrel lines and think no more of Nacton Hall, its Lord,

nor

nor of High Hall. I accordingly housed
 my Cannon, and burnt my *varses*. This
 move, I have reason to believe removed
 from the noble Lord's mind, a great deal
 of deep oppressive matter, for he told
 every body, that I had done more than I
 was enjoined to do, and that he flattered
 himself he should be able to enjoy the re-
 mainder of his days in peace, for I have
 good reason to believe, though he loved
 money, he would have given half his
 fortune that the peace had not been bro-
 ken between us. However, this perma-
 nent peace in appearance, was but of
 short duration; a parcel of fools took it
 into their heads, that they could draw up
 charges against my military conduct,
 which would fall heavier upon me than
 my

my late *civil* prosecution, but then it would be attended with an expence they could not afford; they had prepared the charges, and very weighty ones they appeared on paper, and very heavily they must have fallen upon my head, had any of them (for they were eight in number,) been well founded. Those charges were shewn to Lord Orwell, and they met with his approbation and *encouragement* to proceed upon them, and so I once more experienced the *attention* of Mr. Welbore Ellis, who obligingly sent me *extracts* of those charges, to hear what I *had to say* to them *before he took* the King's commands, upon laying them before his Majesty? in respect, encouraged by a conscious innocence, I humbly besought his Majesty to grant

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me a tryal before a Court Martial, and that it might not be held privately at Land Guard Fort, but at the horse guards where my innocence or my guilt might be more publickly brought forward; the charges all affected my bread, and character, and some of them my life, one of which was for “ *spoiling and destroying the King's stores*, the english of which however was *stealing them*; and here I cannot help making a digression, to shew what an escape I had, for innocence does not always protect a man against a combination of knaves, and it was a combination of knaves, who had formed the eight charges against me, though they knew that there was but *one* on which they hoped to convict me. It must be observed as

about

above, that though I was fully *guilty* of the libel on which I was tried at St. Edmund's Bury, yet the witness who convicted me, did it by the most impudent perjury, for he swore positively that I told him, when he asked me who I meant by the perjured villain, mentioned in the printed paper, and dispersed at the election, relative to the *Wronghead family*, that I replied, I mean Lord Orwell, and he is a perjured villain. No person therefore in the court but myself could be sure, that ———n was a perjured villain, and therefore upon his testimony alone, the jury were obliged to find me guilty. It will be necessary now to give some account of this Mr. Goniston, he had made himself *useful* to Lord Ligonier, who was

then at the head of the board of Ordnance, and when his *Lordship's* age rendered Mr. G——n's *talents* no more necessary, he was rewarded by his Lordship with the appointment of Master Gunner and store keeper under my command at the Land Guard Fort; he was a fellow of some abilities, which he employed in secreting, selling, and stealing the King's stores, in such a manner, that within the first year of his trust, I was able to procure several affidavits of his shameful and wicked conduct, which I sent up to the board of Ordnance, and desired a Court Martial might be ordered to try him, as it was my duty to do, for I was called upon to sign the expenditure of stores as used in the King's service in the garrison under my command.

man

mand, which I could not have done, without being as guilty as G——n who had not been wanting, in endeavours to make me share with him part of his plunder. At this time I believe Lord L—r was dead, and Lord Granby was then at the head of the Ordnance, but there was also an inferior officer who for many years had the seat at that board, and that gentleman for reasons *best known to himself*, was very unwilling to let G——n appear at a Court Martial, perhaps he thought an enquiry into the conduct of a little rogue, might open a field to enquiries of a higher nature, certain it is, he prevailed upon Lord Granby to write me a letter wherein his Lordship said “ *he could rather wish Goniston was not tried*, as the tryal would be attended

" tended with much trouble even to Go-
 " vernor Thicknesse himself, and therefore
 " he would remove him to some other
 " garrison and *beg'd leave* to recommend
 " Mr. John Walker, who had served in the
 " blues under him, and who was he said
 " an honest man, to my countenance, and
 " favor" all this was very innocently
 done by Lord Granby; he did not see
 nor was it probable he should, how dan-
 gerous it might prove to me to let such a
 lion loose, who knew what steps I had ta-
 ken to punish him for his roguery, but
 I knew "*the rather wish,*" of the com-
 MANDER IN CHIEF of his MAJESTY'S
 TROOPS, was a polite way of conveying
 an absolute command, I was obliged to
 acquiesce. It was in revenge therefore that

Mr. Goniston appeared so useful to Lord Orwell's cause at St. Edmund's Bury, and he then *served* the Ordnance at Chatham, and was no longer under my command. Now Madam, the first time I went to the horse guards, where I was soon to appear as a culprit for *spoiling and destroying* the King's stores, the first person who caught my eyes was Mr. G——n, and then, and not till then, I own I was seriously alarmed, for knowing what he had done, I well knew what *he could do* in the swearing way, and pray Mr. Goniston said I, what has brought you hither? *I don't know your honor*; here I am, and rubbing his hands with a smile of insolence and contempt, added, they have brought me here to be an evidence *against your honor*

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I think ; here too, it became very necessary for me *to think*, for I plainly perceived, unless I could defeat Mr. G——n's evidence, I was utterly undone in character, bread, and perhaps to be exposed to an ignominious death. At this minute that I am relating the tender pivot on which my fate was wavering, I tremble, to think of my escape. Fortunately I had preserved Lord Granby's letter, wherein his lordship acknowledged the receipt of the affidavits sworn against G——n's frauds, and *his wish that* he might not be tried at a Court Martial; I therefore instantly wrote his Lordship a letter, informing him that I was on the eve of a tryal at the horse guards, on eight heavy charges, one of which, was for *spoiling and destroying*

the King's stores, and that to my great astonishment, Mr. G——n, whom his Lordship had preserved, would probably effect my ruin, for he was the *only* evidence produced to convict me of the same crime! but I plainly told his Lordship, that I must give him the trouble to attend the Court, and there give HIS REASONS, why, he *rather wished* to save a notorious villain from punishment and instead of dismissing him from the King's service, remove him to a place where he might carry on the same practices, less liable to be detected. No reflection is meant here on the memory of that brave and liberal minded Nobleman, he had been *requested* to sign that official letter, and did it probably in the rotine of business, without

I considering

considering much about the matter; but he now saw the consequences in the clearest light, and Mr. Thoroton was directed to let me know, that *his Lordship was confined to his bed with a fore throat cold*, but could have no objection to my producing his lordship's letter at the Court Martial, if it could tend to be of service to my acquittal. I replied, that the proceedings must then be stop't, till his Lordship's health was restored, for I could not let Mr. G——n's evidence appear at the bar, nor have the horse guards against me, till his Lordship had informed the court, why I was tried for a suspicion only of spoiling and destroying the King's stores, and G—— spared, against whom there was positive evidence in his Lordship's possession by

ven or nine affidavits. Here Madam, you
 will perceive that Lord Granby stood in
 almost as awkward a situation as I did, for
 he must have perceived how unjust it was
 that G——n should be permitted an evi-
 dence against me, before he had been
 cleared of the strong evidences against
 himself; the next day however, I hap-
 pened to see at the horse guards, Mr.
 —, a gentleman belonging to the
 board of Ordnance, with some papers *un-*
der his arm, and in close conversation
 with Mr. G——n. I did not hear a word
 that passed, but I was so convinced of the
 conversation that did pass between them,
 that I *then* consented to take my tryal, and
 let Mr. G——n appear as an evidence,
 without calling upon Lord Granby to at-

tend, for I concluded Mr. B——, came to ask Goniston his business there? and being told; he would naturally observe, that Mr. Thicknesse would never submit to have his evidence given in Court, while there were seven affidavits now under his arm, wherein it is positively sworn, that he had stole and sold the King's stores, and he might add, what have you to do with Mr. Thicknesse, or how with you? or why are you fishing in troubled waters, which may overwhelm yourself? This, or something like this, I was so perfectly convinced passed in that conversation, that all my apprehensions of danger from G——n's evidence ceased, and I soon had the satisfaction of finding they were well founded, for Mr. G——

to the astonishment of the phalanx formed
 against me, knew nothing, not he, of my
 having spoilt or destroyed the King's
 stores, I had frequently he said, made
 use of spades, pick-axes, &c. of the King's
 at my cottage, but that I had always given
 receipt for them, and regularly returned
 them into the stores when I had done
 with them; this being so directly contrary
 to what he had declared he would say
 and swear to; that he was not suffered
 even to eat, as he had before done, with
 his chums in iniquity, for it must be ob-
 served, that though eight charges had
 been brought forth, it was *this one only*
 they laid any stress upon, for G——n had
 boasted that he did *my business* at St. Ed-
 mund's Bury *for me*, and would compleat
 it

it at the horse guards; but failing with this their sheet anchor, they all got a ground on a sandy bottom, and sunk; for I was neither *shot, broke nor* suspended. At this tryal too, Lord Orwell attended, and gave his evidence, tho' he had often declared he would never drop me till he had ruined me. And now Madam, you will think perhaps that the measures of my persecutions were at an end; no such thing. I had a much more arduous piece of business to go through, for I had no sooner defended my innocence, than I had another person to try before the same Court Martial. Mr. Welbore Ellis had sent down a Captain with the King's warrant to command Land Guard Fort during my tryal; this man, was weak enough to be

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believe, that if I was broke, he might probably succeed me; I had accommodated him with two parlours in my house, with a bed in one, and such other conveniences as were necessary to a temporary residence, for a single man, and had not only locked, but nailed, and sealed, the door which led into eight other apartments, because the pipes of an organ I had pulled to pieces, were laid in proper order, and almost covered the floors of two of the rooms, *Nails, seals, and locks*, created a suspicion that some of the King's stores might be concealed on the other side of them, and this man as I said above, was weak enough to break the seals, locks and nails, in order, *he said*, to give the ladies a ball in my

my dining room, so that my Organ, my liquor, and my papers were now all at his mercy! and he or his man made very free indeed with what they found convenient, or agreeable; but no King's stores could be seen, but they found a valuable cedar chest, seven feet long and four feet broad, which was quite full, and very heavy; and there no doubt they concluded the King's stores were concealed. Some attempts were then made to force the locks and bolts of the chest, but not succeeding, they unscrewed the chest which was dove-tailed together, and gave the front so to open at the bottom, as to examine part of the contents, but could not shut it up again, without taking out several parcels of pamphlets which were

tied up to the number of seven hundred
 and fifty, in parcels of five and twenty
 each, and by thus drawing them from the
 bottom, a snuff box rolled down, from the
 top, which contained a gold medalion of
 the present King, which cost me fifteen
 guineas, a five moidore piece, and several
 small pieces of old gold, to the value of
 about forty pounds, no part of which I
 ever saw afterwards, and was thankful to
 find my plate safe, which was lapped up
 in a blanket with the snuff box, but that
 alone had fallen down. I therefore drew
 up four charges against the Captain com-
 mandant, one of which was for behaving
 in a scandalous infamous manner, such as
 was unbecoming the character of an offi-
 cer and a gentleman, by breaking open

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my doors, whereby I had sustained considerable loss, and *specified the particulars*. This officer being chosen by Mr. Ellis to command in my absence, and he who thought eight heavy charges against me, not too many to defend, found four against the Captain, too many for him, for he informed me that the *King had ordered* the Captain to be tried on two of them but *had reserved the other two for his further consideration*. At the Captain's trial I clearly proved, by the girl who made his bed, that one of the seven hundred and fifty pamphlets which came out of the chest (for not one had been published she had seen, read a part of, and even quoted almost *verbatim*, a card addressed to Lord Orwell, and sent by Mrs. Thick

ness

ness, wherein she asked him " if he intended being at the assembly at St. Edmund's Bury that night, for if he did, she would meet him there *as sure as a Gun.*" The court however only found the Captain *indiscreet* in breaking open my rooms! But why he was not broke for doing it, or for charging an *innocent man* with behaving in a scandalous infamous manner, must be determined by General Parflow and a majority of the members who tried him, & who heard the charges, for according to my weak judgement, both ought not to have born the King's commission, *ne must have behaved infamously*; but neither of us was punished!! and here let me observe, and with gratitude and respect acknowledge it, that had it not been

for Lord Walkworth, now Duke of Northumberland, and Lieutenant Colonel Darby, both utter strangers to me, I had certainly been undone at this Tryal, for there was not want of P—y sufficient to have demolished half a dozen innocent men; but those two worthy persons, either from possessing superior parts, or feeling more attention towards the guilt or innocence of a prisoner before them, took uncommon pains to get to the bottom of every circumstance; one of which, was managed with such address, that I cannot forbear repeating it. In the summer time I generally resided at a little cottage three miles from the Fort, and when my servant there, informed me, while I was in London preparing for my own tryal, that my

rooms had been broke open, I instantly went down, and took him with me to the Fort, and then saw that my chest had been forced also, but closed up again, for it had many marks of violence visible enough. Now in order to shew that the Captain commandant had not broke open the chest, evidence was brought to prove that I came one morning at four o'clock *alone* into the Fort, and shut myself up in my own house for two hours, and consequently *robbed myself*. I then positively assured the court that I was not there either morning, noon, or night; and that if it could be proved I was, I would allow they could not be too severe upon me in their censures, observing that the draw bridge was constantly drawn

drawn up every night, that it required eight men to lower it, and consequently some of them must remember lowering it at so early an hour; and my passing at the same time close to two centinels. But this visit of mine was to be proved, by the only *visible* prosecutor of me when I was tried, viz. his wife's & his maid. This was one Ensign Agnus Macdonald, an Ensign who could neither read or write, but who got a pair of colours in America, by the favor of Lord Townshend. To prove this early visit of mine to my *own house* his scotch servant, a girl of very uncouth appearance, was first examined. Did you, said the Court, see the Governor on a certain day come into the garrison yes; what time of the day was it said C

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lonel Derby? a little after four only? How did you know the hour? I looked at the clock;—and what did you do then? I went into my mistress's room, and said lord Madam, the Governor is come into the Fort; aye, what o'clock is it? *a little after four.*—Colonel Darby then took his watch out of his pocket, and bid the girl tell him what hour it was by that? but she seemed totally unacquainted with the machine. He then ordered her to be taken down *between two trusty men*, to see the Horse guard clock, a clock exactly similar to that at which she had *read the hour so exactly by* at Land Guard Fort; but that too, was above the capacity of a poor illiterate, ignorant, wicked girl, who had perhaps never seen

a clock, till she arrived by sea at Land Guard Fort. Colonel Darby then asked her what coloured coat I had on? after a little pause (for that matter had not been previously settled between the mistress and the maid) she replied *a red one*, The next witness was her mistress, another *Highland Lady*, almost as uncouth, and full as *well* instructed as her maid. Being asked whether she had seen the Governor on the same day her maid had sworn to? *yes* she had seen him, but not till eight o'clock for said she, I have a young child which I suckle myself, and my maid brought into the room and said, Lord madam, the Governor is come into the Fort! what o'clock is it? *almost eight*; what could bring the Governor *so early* into the Fort

and

and after many shrewd questions put to this *good* lady by Lord Walkworth, and Colonel Darby, they asked her also what coloured coat I had on? this being a point *not settled* between Madam and her maid, she replied a *green one*: in short the prevarication of Macdonald, his wife, and his Scotch maid were such, that the audience *roaned them*, and the President told him, that he was ashamed to ask a man who had the King's commission in his pocket, whether he knew the nature of an oath, but said he, you prevaricate so, that your conduct is scandalous, I had almost said infamous" yet this observation is omitted in the minutes I required, and received at the Judge advocates office! notwithstanding what the President,

L

General

General Parflow said to Mackdonald, he seemed far from being disposed to favor me, either at my own tryal, or on my prosecution of the Captain commandant; and I verily believe he wished to find matter sufficiently strong to crush me if possible. I was an utter stranger to the General & so was the Captain commandant, and he could not have treated me with such severity while I stood a prisoner before him, and when my life, bread, and honor was pending, if he had not been induced to believe by somebody that I merited no favor from the Court. One instance will suffice, to shew his unguarded partiality to the Captain commandant, & I could produce a dozen. The Captain in order to ingratiate himself in the neighbourhood

had

had given a ball on a saturday night to the neighbouring ladies, the Chapel, a *consecrated one*, was appointed for the dance; the Communion table for the punch and the negus; and about four o'clock on *sunday morning*, the ball broke up, but not before Sir John Barker and many of the Gentlemen, were compleatly drunk. Doctor Smyth the late *worthy rector* of St. Giles's, and his wife, were witnesses on behalf of the Captain commandant on this trial, and after the Reverend Doctor, then only a country Vicar, had given his testimony, I had him to cross examine, and did so, as follows.

Was you at the ball which the Captain commandant gave at Land Guard Fort?
 No: you was at the Fort however during

the ball was you not? yes—and your lady I think danced there? yes, where was the dance given? in the chapel; did the Captain ask you whether there was any harm by dancing in the chapel? he did, what was your reply? I told him there was none; here the numerous by standers gave the Rev. Divine some heavy groans. As many of the members of this court never were at Land Guard Fort, pray inform them what kind of place the Chapel is?—It is a great room,—has it not at one end a desk, a pulpit, and Pews? yes, and what is at the other end? why a great window—and what is under that window? a table—for what use? to administer the sacrament from,—and is it not elevated above the floor and railed off? it is,—and

pray

ly pray where was the negus, punch, and
 wine put? I believe upon that table; here
 another universal groan took place!! but
 General Parflow with a *look of the greatest*
complacency, observed, that wherever the
 ladies were assembled for dancing, there
 must be refreshments provided. An obser-
 vation however that did not pass without
 more unanimous groan than any which
 had been bestowed upon the Reverend
 Divine, and I am very sure it must at *this*
hour, if he reflects on his conduct AT
 THAT; cause sensations of a very differ-
 ent complexion in his bosom. And
 was well assured that the same day
 that the Rev. Divine had given his evi-
 dence, & had been *cross examined* even till
 burst into tears, that Lord W—h said
 when

when he return'd to Northumberland house that Parson Smyth is the d—dest rascal I ever met with. * He however married a great man's cousin, and was made Rector of *St. Giles's*. I shall conclude this narrative with a few observations, for though much foreign matter from the wooden gun has already been introduced, yet it all originated from that source. The libel prosecution, cost me a thousand pounds and the Horse guards Tryal some hundreds, and at length, determined me either to sell the government of Land Guard Fort, or resign it, and disentangle myself from fools and knaves; which by the favor of that good man the late Marqu

* The doctor died lately at Bath, with an income of about sixteen hundred pounds a year, and yet before he was buried his house at Norwich was entered, his goods seized by creditors, and many of them are become great sufferers.

of Rockingham, during his short administration I fortunately effected, and got two thousand four hundred pounds for what I would have sold for the four hundred pounds only, rather than have continued in such a service, to be persecuted and unprotected in the evening of my days, after an active life in different parts of the globe, where I had served the King, to the best of my poor abilities. And now Madam, I think I hear you say, but how happened it that for some years before Lord Orwell's death, he and you were upon good, nay even upon visiting terms!! To make the story compleat, I will tell you; you may remember that I was bound to keep the peace for seven years, with his Majesty's liege subjects, but just at
the

the conclusion of those seven years, a decision was made against my claim in the court of chancery; and in the house of lords afterwards confirmed, * by which I was deprived of ten thousand pounds, I thought my property from the clear opinions of Sir Dudley Rider, Lord Chief Justice Willes, Mr. Madocks, and in short most of the ablest lawyers in the kingdom (Lord Mansfield excepted) for they thought it as clearly my property, as that the sun shines at noon day; so that instead of my receiving ten thousand pounds, I had six hundred pounds to pay to lawyers, a heavy blow, and which determined me to leave my native country with a resolution never

* Earl Powlet moved to have the opinion of all the judges but that being over-ruled!! he took his hat, and with indignation in his looks quitted the house, and other Lords followed his example.

to return to it. At this time I was informed that Lord Orwell was preparing to go to the south of France, the very Rout I also was taking, I therefore wrote him a letter, and observed that as he was going southward for the benefit of his health, and I the same road for the convenience of my purse, I hoped we should meet there, and then settle that *little matter* which had been so long *pending between us*. To that letter you may conclude I received no reply, but when I came to London, I met in the park, the unfortunate Doctor Dodd, who told me he had dined the day before with *my friend Lord Orwell*; and I told him of the letter I had written to his Lordship; I have seen said he, and though I cannot justify his

M

conduct

conduct towards you, I cannot help considering that letter cruel towards him; I do not think said he, Lord Orwell will live six months, and you have hindered his southern expedition, he will not go, lest you should follow him, observing at the same time, that he, who often attended such high crested men in their sickness, or on their death beds, could better perceive their real condition than I could, and consequently was more disposed to pity and feel for them, for I must observe that Dodd was as good and pleasant a tempered rascal as ever lived, or as ever was hanged, and I left the Doctor fully determined, though I did not tell him so, to write another kind of a letter to Lord Orwell, and went to a coffee house directly

rectly and did so. The substance of which was, that though I had once asked him to forgive me, when he had the ROD OF JUSTICE HIGH LIFTED OVER MY HEAD, he thought proper to refuse that request; yet I felt myself thoroughly disposed to forget and to forgive all that was past, wished him a good journey, and a perfect re-establishment of his health, adding, that perhaps neither he or I had long to live, and that I was willing to die with perfect forgiveness of all those who had injured me, and in hopes that those whom I had injured would do so likewise. Not stating my letter from any particular place, Lord Orwell was three days before he could find my address, and then he wrote a very handsome and proper letter, in

which he thanked me, for mine, and assured me both as a Christian, and a gentleman, all his resentment ceased, and good will and wishes succeeded it. I met with him at Lyons on my way out, and found him at Aix in Provence on my return from Spain, and while he resided at Bath, we sometimes visited each other, and now and then he sent me some game; but as he was a very rich man and had materially injured my family, and was without any children of his own, the candid reader will perhaps think with me, that one, of all my children should have found a place in his Will; he was the first aggressor, and acknowledged himself to be so. That fatal quarrel to him and to me too, began just as his fortune and honours fell upon him

and from that time till his death, he had
 out little peace of mind, or bodily health;
 probably the bottle was his constant re-
 source, for he died a martyr to the Gout,
 and perhaps too, without a friend to close
 his eyes. He was a man of a violent vin-
 dictive temper, passionately fond of money,
 but far from being void of consci-
 ence or moral rectitude. When Dodd
 was under sentence of death, he desired
 me to prevail on his Lordship to sign his
 petition to the King for pardon; I did apply,
 but Lord Orwell refused my request, but
 with great propriety and sentiment, I wish
 ed he to oblige you, I wish too, that
 Dodd may be pardoned, but I cannot give
 under my hand, that I think him an ob-
 ject

ject worthy of it, because I know trans-
 actions of his, infinitely worse than that
 on which he stands convicted, but do not
 said he tell him so; and as he certainly
 wished to oblige me, and to serve the
 man, who though by mere chance, was
 the cause of our reconciliation, it is but
 fair to conclude, he refused my request
 merely on the score of conscience. I
 shall now finish this long Narrative with
 copy of a letter I wrote to Lord Orwell
 at the earnest request of that good man
 the late Lord Litchfield, previous to my
 receiving the judgment of the Court of
 King's Bench, a letter that all *his* friends
 and all mine agreed, he ought to have re-
 joiced at receiving, and to have been
 happy to have accepted; but passion and
 resentment

resentment prevails often over prudence and even good sense, and though Lord Orwell did not possess either in a high degree, he lived to sincerely repent his refusing to comply with so reasonable a request, a request so binding on my part, and so triumphant on his; yet that letter made part of his Counsels Brief to aggravate my guilt, when I received the judgement of the Court of King's Bench.

But peace to his manes.

It is probable he obtained the Earldom and took the title of Shipbrooke, merely to drop the well known title of Lord Orwell, because that name was constantly connected with the *Wooden gun*.

Copy

*Copy of a Letter to Lord Orwell; previous to
my receiving the Judgment of the Court of
King's-Bench.*

My Lord,

“ I should have taken this method of addressing your Lordship much sooner, had I not depended (I now find too much) on the promise of some powerful friends, * to use their utmost endeavours to put an end to a difference which I hope arose from faults on both sides, but which I am sensible has far exceeded the bounds of decency on mine.—Those who are quick in anger are often led into indiscretion; they become sorry for, and I am not ashamed to say this is my case; and therefore I flatter myself your Lordship will

confide

* Lord Bute had undertook for a while to stop Proceedings, and did so, for reasons hereafter to be mentioned.

consider the very great expence, and the painful suspense, of a prosecution that has already cost me more than double of my whole years income, to be a sufficient punishment to me, and a sufficient reason to your Lordship not to carry this matter any further.—Your Lordship has a manifest advantage over me; by waving which you must either forever lay me under an obligation to behave towards you, as to me I must think myself obliged to in so doing, or I must for-ever lye under the imputation of acting contrary to sense, decency, and gratitude, I profess too, my desire is, (exclusive of the consequences of this prosecution) to be laid under that obligation; and as it has been my case to offend against the laws of my

N

country

country in general, and against your Lordship in particular; it may be yours to forget and to forgive the latter, that I may appear in Court, with a better grace, to receive the judgment due to the former.

I have the honour to be your

Lordship's most obedient,

And hope to be your most

Obliged humble Servant

P. THICKNESSE.

Lord Halifax, Lord Litchfield, and indeed all the friends to both parties agreed that the above letter was sufficient to bury in oblivion even the greatest injuries; Lord Orwell alone thought otherwise but lived to repent it, and at length became thankful to accept that forgiveness from

from the writer, which he had so injudiciously rejected when a prosecutor. It must be observed however that I erected a printing-office in my own house, and that my press teemed with *squibs*, *crackers* and inuendoes innumerable, and that many of the very provoking means I made use of to inflame and irritate Lord Orwell, do not appear in this narrative, a narrative I meant to have related as a matter of mirth, and in another mode, but the many serious circumstances attending it, restrained that vein of pleasantry with which I was disposed to have given it, for alas! what do all the most important things end in? why with a

Hic jacet Lord Orwell,

Hic jacet Philip Thickneffe.

Nevertheless Madam, I will not conclude this long winded story seriously, but finish it with a song from my own pen and press, which you may sing if you please, To the tune of " *A Cocker there was, &c.*"

The WOODEN GUN,
A New Song to an old Tune.

I'LL sing you a song of a RIGHT NOBLE PEER,
Whose manhood of late, has been question'd we hear,
But lest this assertion some people may doubt,
I'll tell you good folks how it all came about.

DERRY DOWN, &c.

When DISCORD was raging in L---- Orwell's Corps,
And nothing but BLOOD SIR, wou'd HONOUR restore,
Dame fortune o' cruel! was pleas'd to declare,
His L-----p shou'd also come in for a share.

A CHALLENGE in form, he receiv'd the next day,
The heart of a COWARD, his face will betray,
Had you seen but his looks, which discover'd his fears,
You'd have sworn it was Garrick, when BANCO appears

For learned historians have joyntly agreed,
 His L-----p is sprung from the true V-----n breed,
 And like a good CHRISTIAN, thinks fighting a sin,
 For what the world talks of he cares not a pin.

Now satyr who neither regards RICH, or poor,
 Began to let fly at the PEER, all his store,
 Not many days after, to heighten the FUN,
 His L-----p receiv'd (*as a present*) a GUN.

This gun made of BRASS, STEEL, or IRON, was not,
 Nor ever had swallow'd ball, powder, or shot,
 But harmless and simple, a mere country ELF
 All wood, neatly varnish'd and GILT like himself.

Inrag'd and confounded, the donor suspecting,
 And thinking this gun on his honour reflecting,
 To Council he hastens, lays open the case,
 And asks if an ACTION here, may not take place?

The grave man of Law soon pronounc'd '*Est probatum,*
 All true, right or wrong it is SCANDAL MAGNATUM,
 For lawyers you know, never let slip good prizes,
 To the Gun's to be tried at next BURY Assizes.

Is L-----p's the first, I may venture to say,
 Who on oath has had Courage, his fears to betray.
 And while to his shame, there is light in the SUN,
 He'll be the TOWN sport—aye, as sure as a GUN.

DERRY DOWN, &c.

As the interposition of Lord Bute, to put a stop to Lord Orwell's proceedings, has been hinted at above, it seems necessary to mention the cause, especially as it is said his Lordship has lately received a gratuity from the Lord *know who*; for the Lord knows what. Soon after Lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters were publish'd Mrs. Forrester, the widow of the late Colonel Forrester, a woman of superior understanding, and possessing a much better heart, having determined to spend the remainder of her days at Rome, put into my possession, letters and pieces of poetry of Lady Mary's correspondence with her for more than twenty years, and gave me a discretionary power to publish such of them which I thought proper. Those

ters were not, like the Constantinople correspondence, intended for the eye of the public, and therefore I considered them, and so did my bookseller too, a very valuable acquisition, and I proceeded to print off the first thousand sheets; but, upon giving them a second and more attentive reading, it appeared to me that many parts thereof might prove painful to Lord Bute or some part of his family. Lady Mary had in many places been uncommonly severe upon her husband, for all her letters were loaded with a scrap or two of poetry, *at him*, * I therefore wrote to Lord Bute, and told him that such papers were in my possession, and that the first thousand sheets had been printed

* "Just left my bed a lifeless trunk,
and scarce a dreaming head."

printed off, but that upon more mature consideration, I thought it prudent not to proceed in a matter of so much delicacy, without previously acquainting his Lordship; yet at the same time, I cautiously avoided letting him know, whether her Ladyship's correspondence was with a *male*, or a *female* friend. Upon the receipt of my letter, his Lordship employed the late Sir Harry Erskine to use all his *persuasive arts* to prevail upon me to fold the letters up, to wait upon Lord Bute, and then shewing me the abject attitude of *uplifted shoulders, and a downcast head* how he would. were he in my place, present the original letters to Lord Bute, for he assured me Lord Bute never omitted to serve essentially those who obliged
 gratified

gratified him, of which truth said he, I am a living example. Upon my observing that my Friend had not given me power to bestow upon any one the original letters, Sir Harry's shoulders again gave a hint of *what he would do*, though he would not he said pretend to dictate to a man of my sense; for what has honor, truth or justice to do, when a Prime Minister is to be gratified? Notwithstanding Sir Harry's *candour* and *friendly* advice, I would not let him catch that which he was fishing for, namely, whether Lady Mary's correspondent, was a *male* or a *female*, for that was a matter I believe of great importance to be known. Having received no letter from Lord Bute, I did not depend much upon *Lord Harry*, and

O

I

I asked him how Lord Bute came to turn me over to him? why said he his Lordship writes to nobody, but he supposed we soldiers all knew one another, and so it proved, for my Regiment had *the honor* you know of being *under your command at Land Guard Fort*. In short it was Sir Harry's way, *as he assured me*, to be quite candid and open, so he pressed me to drink a glass of Champagne, tho' it was neither after dinner nor after supper, for he was kind enough to dispose me to be as *open* as himself. I then observed that though it was true that we soldiers knew one another, yet that the *great ones* did not know what the little ones often suffered that I had been prosecuted, and persecuted too, for want of a proper support,

doing

doing my military duty with propriety as a soldier, and with decency as a subject; and then I told Sir Harry my situation with Lord Orwell, *and a Lord of trade also*, and wished Lord Bute's interposition relative to putting an end to that expensive business. Lord Orwell and Lord M—d too, *were spoke to*, and my receiving the judgment of the court of King's Bench was, *some how or other*, postponed to see what could be done, for another term or two, but which only added to my expenses; during which time Sir Harry often visited me, and I him, and in one, (for I have many,) of my unguarded minutes, happened to read to him part of a letter I had just received from Mrs. Forrester, for he was always fishing for the name,

or sex of my correspondent. Upon reading part of her letter he observed, that my friend must have made some figure in the republic of letters *himself*, for he did not suspect, either by the style or subject, that it was a female friend, but asking me where my friend was, at a time that my head was where it should not have been in such company, I replied at VOREE upon a visit to *Monsieur Helvetius*. I instantly perceived I had *shot my fool's bolt*, and that the negotiation was at an end. Sir Harry then wrote to know what English gentleman, of erudition, was upon a visit at VOREE, his answer was none, for the Lady was overlooked; consequently I had said the *thing that is not*. Sir Harry then renewed his visits to me

and observed, that even Lady Mary's hand writing was a curiosity, and his *curiosity* led him to ask to see a specimen of it, I had suspected that would be the case, and had put several notes into my pocket book for the purpose, being such as no one could tell whether they were to a male or female correspondent. Sir Harry was then sure I had some of the Lady's letters, and that convinced him I might have more; so another express was sent, to make further enquiries at VOREE, and when, it was found, that Mrs. Forrester a *Scots woman, and a Scotsman's widow too*, had been there upon a visit, and was just gone from thence to Rome, but as she had left an unmarried daughter behind her in London, Sir Harry judged his visits

fits to that young Lady, might prove not only more efficacious, but certainly more agreeable, as she was a very accomplished sensible young woman. Sir Harry therefore *wisely* dropt me, and the next term, I had the honor of being placed in my *winter quarters* in *St. George's Fields*, where soon after Miss Forrester visited me, and informed me at that visit, that if any advantages were to arise from Lady Mary's letters, (the property of her mother) she not me, was certainly best entitled to it, and at length told me, that if I would return the letters to her, she could obtain a pension. Esteeming her and knowing that while her mother lived her fortune was but small, I thought it justice so to do, and she accordingly obtained the pension.

pension, which she now enjoys, and I the
 expence of printing off a thousand copies
 of what was never published. I then
 wrote a second letter to Lord Bute, told
 his Lordship the candid manner in which
 I had acted in that business, and observed
 that as by my *gentle sentence*, I was to pay
 a fine of one hundred pounds to the King.
 I entreated his lordship (he was then, I
 think THE MINISTER) to procure a remis-
 sion of that fine, as I thought I had suf-
 fered enough on both the noble Lords ac-
 count; but in *money matters*, I must re-
 treat it, I have hitherto been unfortunate,
 though I am in daily expectation of a
 packet of bank notes being foisted upon
 me, by the Lord knows who, especially
 as it is now I find to be the *ton* to act in
 that

that clandestine manner. I often perceived with what contempt *Lord Harry* held me when he found I made any scruple to shirk up my shoulders, and bestow on Lord Bute, that which I could not with propriety bestow ; for what signifies propriety when it is to oblige or serve a minister of state, or a *King's friend* ? Let a man who will not do that starve in a corner, he deserves no better condition in this life, and ought to be d—d for a fool in the next, and thus ends the story of the *Wooden Gun*, and the *Golden Lords*. I know how to value good men, who by rank, and great fortune, are placed high on earth, but I know too, thank God, how to look down with indignant contempt on those who act otherwise, upon Score of, I DARE.

ANECDOTE

AN E C D O T E S

Of GEORGE TOUCHET, Baron Audley,
and PHILIP, his Brother.

IT was my determination, when I began to write these memoirs, to have left unnoticed, and to their own *courts of conscience*, two wretched and undutiful sons, the eldest, shamefully negligent of his duty to a father who most affectionately loved him, the younger, infamously abandoned and wicked; but the post boy having just left a letter with me, addressed to Philip Thicknesse, and the word *junior* being obliterated by the red post mark, denouncing it FREE, Audley, I opened it by mistake; and found in it the following

P

postscript.

postscript.—“ So, we are to have the memoirs of a certain gentleman er’e long, in which I make no doubt, you and I are to have our share of abuse; but we have this satisfaction, that neither you nor I care.” As it is then, a matter of indifference to the two young gentlemen, I will honestly own, it is a matter of great importance to me and to my affectionate brother and sister, that I publickly acquit myself of the imputation of having merited neglect from the former, or having attempted to defraud the latter; a crime which the wicked infamous and abandoned wretch, has flatly charged me with! If I were to name the greatest crime a son could commit against a father, I should not say it would be to assassinate, and murder him, by

cause in that case, the parent would be soon out of his pain, but that it would be the son who accuses an innocent parent with a crime of a deeper dye, than even forgery, murther, or affassination; yet such a crime has Mr. Philip Touchet, the brother to the *Right Honorable Baron Audley*, been guilty of. Charges of so black a nature coming from a son against father, cancels all relationship for ever, and even Lord Audley's neglect of a father who sincerely loved him, is almost obliterated by the villainy of his brother's conduct. With respect to the former, therefore I shall only acquit myself, by shewing that he thought of no want of paternal affection on my side, as the following letter of his to me, will evince,

written when he was an Ensign with three
and sixpence a day at Gibraltar, and
a wandering exile at Barcelona; because
from the receipt of that letter, till he
had been a peer, with an ample fortune
two or three years, I neither saw or heard
one word from him, though I frequently
solicited that *honour* by many affectionate
letters!

Dear Pappa,

I cannot express the happiness and sa-
tisfaction your letter gave me, after
long a silence; the last I received from
you was dated the 19th of February,
answer'd that and wrote again in about
eight weeks after, and not hearing from
you, wrote to Lord Bateman, desiring

him to let me know where you were, in
 his answer he said you were gone abroad,
 but to what part of the world he knew
 not, so that I have been ever since ex-
 pecting to hear from you from some part
 of France. My surprise was great indeed
 when I saw your letter dated from Bar-
 celona, I all along imagined you were
 gone to the south of France, as I have
 heard you and my dear mother speak of
 as a country you prefer'd to any other,
 is with grief and horror I reflect on the
 circumstance that must for ever make
 you dislike *that* you have left, I wish
 much to see your two letters to that in-
 fernal rascal * * * * who I and all my
 family shall ever have reason to curse. I
 saw a letter in the C—s signed J—s,
 which

which if he had any feeling, must have made him shudder at his villainy, but I'm afraid he is as great a stranger to *feeling*, as he is to *justice*, and then nothing can affect him. How happy would it make me, if I could by sea, or land, come to see you at Barcelona, but it is utterly impossible, as the Hanoverians, who are to relieve us, are expected here daily, they are to relieve three regiments *ours is one*, so that in all probability we shall be in England some time in December. If Sir Thomas Gaiscoine comes here before we embark, I will shew him every attention in my power, and will write to you on his arrival, but if the transports come before, will write immediately of their arrival in the bay, I'm afraid we

shall

shall have a terrible voyage, as we shall be
in the channel in the very depth of winter,
however, as I am never sea sick, I don't
much mind it. How very unlucky it
has turn'd out, that on your arrival in
Spain, I should be just quitting it, had
you come to Barcelona three months ago, I
could have come up with the greatest ease,
I am happy to hear my mother is well af-
ter travelling so long a journey, pray as-
sure her of my tenderest love and affec-
tion, I shall ever be bound to love her
for her many kindnesses to *me*, exclusive
of her unparalleled love for my dear
father. I long much to see poor Char-
lotte and Ann, my love to them both,
pray where is Phil. and Ralph, do let me
know in your next letter, that I may
know

know where to find them in England, you remember I used to be troubled in England with a difficulty of breathing, it is now grown so bad that I cannot lie down in my bed, sometimes for three nights, but am obliged to take the little sleep I can get in a great chair; indeed I have been so bad with it and the want of sleep together, that I have wished myself dead above a hundred times since I came to this place. Lord Bateman in his letter to me seemed very much hurt that you never went to see him before you came away, he speaks of you with great regard and I am sure loves you much. I write to him by this post, and shall let him know you are well. He says he sent after you in London several times, I received

two letters a year from Lord Castlehaven
 with *draughts* for thirty pounds in each,
 which enables me to do very well, your
 letter has been thirteen days coming *here*,
 but I imagine it was longer on account of
 the roads being so bad after the rains, do
 pray let me hear from you by the return of
 the post, as I may then possibly receive it
 before we embark for England, I have
 only one officer under me in the Regiment
 in two years, a very *slow beginning*, but I
 hope to have three or four steps when we
 get to England, the first leave of absence I
 get in England I will be with you, whether
 in *Spain* or *France*. I have nothing more

to

Q

to say but to assure you of my tenderest affection, and that I shall ever remain

Your dutiful Son,

GEORGE THICKNESSE.

GIBRALTAR,

Thursday, 15th November, 1775.

Now may I not ask, whether it is possible for a son, to write a more affectionate letter to an unfortunate father, (who was driven out of his native land from *misfortunes* not his *faults*) than the above, or whether it is probable, I could have done any thing towards a *lordly son*, to merit such silent contempt, *after* he became a peer? but it seemed as if he was so addled with his own uncommon elevation, that he chose to TRIUMPH IN IT, over his father's no less singular depressions; or what

else did he not, as he said he would visit,
 me, especially as I was for a full year, at
 no greater distance from him than Calais?
 I have seen a foolish book as large as a
 church bible on the influence of climate *
 upon mankind, but I could wish to see
 one from a good pen, on the influence of
 unexpected honours and riches; yet after
 all this misconduct, when he had invol-
 ved himself in such difficulties that he
 could not, as he declared to me, shew
 his face in London before his creditors,
 received again to my breast, the *prodigal*
son, and gave him a thousand pounds,
 which I now repent, as I may live to want
 the interest of it, should he die before
 me, but enough; or I could add much

Q 2

more;

* By Dr. Falconer of Bath,

more; but I leave him to those horrid reflections which age cannot fail to imbitter his latter days with, when I am forever beyond the reach of feeling his misdoings. I am sorry to add too, that he is the only one, among many learned, ingenious, and virtuous men, bred at St. Paul's school under my brother, and *his uncle*, who do not honor, love, and respect him.

" How does that good man my master and

" friend your brother do, said Mr. Francis

" to me, just before he went to India

" adding, does he want any thing? for

" could enjoy nothing I have if he does; and

yet this brother so loved and respected by all his scholars, and who for eight years, had been as kind as an uncle, and master as he could be to a nephew and

scholar

scholar; has found it necessary to tell this young nobleman, that if he did not quit the name of Thicknesse, and take another name to tack to that of Audley, he would change his, and I will venture to say, that those who KNOW MY BROTHER, will agree, that such a recommendation from him, conveyed more contempt in those few words, than I could say were I to fill a ream of paper upon the subject. I must however render him justice in this point, he took the hint, dropped the name of Thicknesse, and took that of Touchet, and I am happy to know that it is a name no longer connected with mine; but George Touchet, Baron Audley, two words, which have stood in the roll of family, from the reign of Charles the second

second UNTO THIS DAY. As every young Lord you can make a genteel bow, give a frank, and put on a forced smile upon an occasion, must have the preference to an old and obscure parent in all polite circles, there is no doubt but that with such people the *old fellow* must be the aggressor, I am therefore urged to insert a letter I received from a clergyman of Odiham in Hampshire, whom I never saw, but whose character is as respectable as any clergyman, of any rank, in Britain, to shew that the old, nor the young have escaped the keenest misery from this *accomplished young nobleman*.

Hot-Wells, Bristol, Aug. 12, 1780 and

S I R,

I have just received your letter, which

by its date, has lain some time at Odiham, or I should have answered it sooner; I have been at this place for three weeks, in hopes, vain hopes, of establishing my poor girl's health, which Lord Audley's treacherous conduct has too violently affected, it must touch even *his* heart, was he to perceive the distress and unhappiness he has brought on one of the best girl's, and on one of the happiest family's in the world—But the subject is too tender for me to enlarge upon—I can only lament with you the cause of both our distresses; 'tis shocking to lose a favorite child, even though so much innocence and goodness must be rewarded.—You Sir I fear are too sensible what it is to be
the

the father of such a son as Lord Audley.

I am Sir, &c.

GEORGE WATKINS.*

Upon receipt of the above letter, I went over to Bristol to congratulate the young lady upon her escape from such an husband, but alas! the master of the ceremonies congratulated me, that I was too late to see youth, beauty and innocence sinking into the grave, she had that morn-

* Till I received this letter from the father of a beautiful and virtuous young lady, to whom L. A. had told me he was engaged to marry, and who shewed me a fine pair of buckles he had bought to present to her, I had some hopes of reclaiming a young man, naturally of a good temper, who from such a sudden elevation might be allowed a little worldly intoxication, but when such respectable characters as Mr. Watkins and his whole family had been so deeply wounded I gave all over as a *lost cause*. I will not aggravate this story by saying for what particular reason Lord A. concealed himself at Mr. Watkins's house, where that unfortunate connection was formed, and so shamefully violated, it is enough that he knows it, nor should I have related the above but to shew, that I am not a *single complainant*.

ing left Bristol to return to her affectionate father's home, and from thence to HEAVEN. Mr. Watkins, I hope and believe, will excuse my inserting this letter, he will not take a bow frown, nor ask a frank of *Lord Audley*. And now for the young gentleman his brother Philip Touchet, for he too shall *wear* the true Audlean name, not mine, Philip Touchet then, having been left all the personal fortune of the late Earl of Castlehaven, Baron Audley, in case he arrived to the age of twenty one years, but to go to Lord Audley, his Brother, if he *died under age*, was so offended with his Brother's conduct to me, and to himself; that at the age of nineteen or twenty, he went before Mr. Wright, the Mayor of Bath, and made an affidavit

R

that

that he never would visit or even speak to Lord Audley during his life, and charged him in the said affidavit with setting him upon a run away horse, *before he was of age*, a horse whom even his groom could not ride, though he knew him to be a very indifferent horseman; when this *young gentleman* came of age, he received about five thousand pounds, a moiety of his uncle the Earl's legacy, and then made me a present of one hundred pounds, and I believe presented and idled away many hundreds more within the first year; and in a few more years, when all was nearly spent, he *plumed* himself with a wife, a *prettyish* Bath milliner girl, of the name of *Peacock*, and some people say she has the worst of the bargain, but

I must do him the justice to own, that till all his love was bestowed upon her, he had given me many proofs of his affection and duty, and among others, a note of hand in the following words; to make use of when *he married*, by way of enabling me to marry off one of his sisters.

“ I promise to pay to my Father Philip Thicknesse, Esq. or order, on demand, for value received, Five Hundred Guineas, as witness my hand this third day of January, one thousand seven hundred and eighty two.*

PHILIP THICKNESSE, Junior.”

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At

* At that time I had not conceived even the idea of selling the Hermitage or going abroad, it was a sudden resolution, on Esq. Hooper's telling me he would let the land all round the house to a parcel of Beggars on purpose to perplex me.

At the time he gave me the above note, he had *determined to marry* a young lady of large fortune * then resident at Bath, and had given her foot boy a crown to deliver that lady a letter *secretly*, wherein he let her know *his determination*; the letter was accordingly delivered, but the *strange infatuated girl* was so weak as to reject the proposal with civil contempt, and he was soon after honoured with the hand of Miss Polly Peacock, whose father and brothers are eminent menders and makers of shoes, in the city of Bath, whose mother is an *upper servant* to a reputable Pawnbroker, and whose sisters are very industrious in the millinery way, for farmers wives and the lower class of country

wenches

* Miss Scr——r.

wenches. *Three months* after this note of hand for *value received*, had been given me, I determined to go abroad, and by way of securing something to my son for the present, as the other half of the Earl's uncle's legacy depended upon contingences, I sold Mr. *Philip Touchet*, the Hermitage, my present residence, and asked him only five hundred pounds for it, though it had cost me much more; to that price he generously objected, and insisted upon giving me six hundred, and paid me that sum on the *very day* the writings were executed, by a draft on Messrs. Hoare. Upon my return from Bruffells, finding that he had done every thing that could be in my power, to render a very pretty spot as *outré* as money and incapacity could render it, I re-purchased

re-purchased it of him, and secured to him an annuity for ever of thirty five pounds a year, equal to near double the money he had paid me; but soon after, hearing that he was about to *enter into trade* with his *industrious wife's relations*, and knowing on whom that *filly business* would fall, if the *Copartners failed in Trade*, I desired Mr. Lucas, of York-House, to tell the young man, *i. e.* young Mr. Touchet, that he must pay me the five hundred guineas on his note, but that he should have the INTEREST during my LIFE, and the PRINCIPAL at my Death; and this I did to secure that sum from being *sunk in Trade*. When Mr. Lucas made the demand, though he had seen the note, he mentioned it by mistake as for five hundred

hundred *pounds*, not guineas, Mr. Touchet
 affected much surprise, and replied,
 if my father has such a note of mine,
 it must be a forgery! Such a reply could
 not but surprise Mr. Lucas also; he
 then observed, that he had read the note,
 and though he was not sufficiently ac-
 quainted with his hand to say it was of
 his writing, he knew mine well enough
 to enable him to say it was not of mine,
 during this *want of memory* in young
 Mr. Touchet, and astonishment of Mr.
 Lucas; he asked the young man whether
 any note of hand had passed between us
 relative to the purchase of the Hermitage?
 and then, and not till then, the young
 gentleman *recollected* that he had given
 that note for the payment of it, but
 had

had forgot to take it up,* and immediately retired and wrote the following letter to Mr. Goodall, a very honest man, my Attorney, of Bath.

S I R,

I must beg again to trouble you to go up to the Hermitage, in consequence of a note I received from Mr. Lucas; the cause why my father has made all this confusion and disturbance with me, is his find in consequence of his having in his possession a note of hand on me for five hundred *pounds* dated some time in January 1782, which it seems is on demand for value received, this note I *now* recollect was for the purchase of the Hermitage soon after I came of age, he *asked* for

hundred

* Near five years want of memory, and the note for neither the sum asked, nor the sum offered!

hundred, and I gave him *six* hundred
 pounds, *one more* than he acknowledges
 he demanded, but never having the least
 idea that *my father* would have been led
 to have made his advantage upon a son a
second time, for what had been more than
 paid, I from not harbouring such an un-
 generous suspicion of a father, never
 thought of taking the note up when I paid
 him the five hundred pounds and gave
 him a hundred pounds more too it as a
 free gift; but since I find that it is the
 case that though he has this note against
 me, all that I shall now say is that if he
 thinks by this *double dealing* to make me
 comply with his unauthorized commands,
 namely, that unless I will quit Bath he will
 put it in force against me, I repeat it again

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that

that I will not, and that he may rest assured, that if he demands a *second* payment of the same note, I am determined to stand the trial, for I have got sufficient acknowledgment under his own hands to confute him, nay I will even *defy* him to demand it as a *just debt*; and now sir once for all I beg you will inform my *father* that I will consent to relinquish the trumpery eleven shillings *a year* which he has made so much work about, on the following conditions being complied with on his part, I would not have made them but that I have had now a sufficient proof that there is no trusting even him; what can I say or think of a father who has secreted for near five years a note *of hand* against a son, after that note had been truly discharged

charged, only for to make use of it a second time against me I leave you to judge. I will relinquish the eleven shillings on the condition that my father will give me a security under his hand, that he will not on any pretence whatsoever in future dispute the due payment of my rent, but that it shall be regularly performed every quarter without any further deduction save the eleven shillings, and that he will deliver me up the note of hand; the latter he very well knows he cannot in justice detain, for he will please to recollect that he was very careful to make me return *his* note of hand for one hundred pounds that I lent him for a distressed gentleman, on these conditions I will perform that which he desires, I will namely

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give

give up all my claim to the eleven shillings, but as to my leaving Bath I plainly will not, I should be glad to know whether he thinks that because he is my father that he has a right to reign in an arbitrary manner over me, or that I am obliged to obey him, if he does I can plainly tell him I shall not observe his unauthorised commands. In short I repeat it once more, that if he does not chuse to come into the above terms he is very welcome to proceed with me as he thinks fit and will stand it in the face of the public, and then I hope it will be clearly known who has been the aggressor, as this is all that I can propose that is just and equitable

or I will leave my father to use his own
pleasure, and I shall follow mine.

I am Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

PHIL. THICKNESSE, Junior.

THURSDAY MORNING,

July 27, 1786.

Before I proceed further, I must here
observe, that he not only *forgot* the note,
but he forgot also, the sum it was for, a
sum which was neither asked, nor paid
for the purchase, for he says to Mr.
Podall, my father asked five hundred
pounds, and I gave him six, how then
could the note be for the payment of the
hermitage? but having committed this
checked and infamous deed, he was bound
to abide by it. The first step he then
took,

took, after he knew I had made an affidavit, and that there were *then* two other persons living, to refute his assertions upon oath also; he quitted the Established church, and enlisted himself to a sect of people, called I think, INDEPENDENTS among whom he found a subtle man, who had been educated at the Bar, but finding *that practice* would not do, betook himself to *Independency*, & this *conscientious changing* was promoted to the honor of being committee man among the *Independents* in his new mode of faith, and found a discarded lawyer, converted to hold forth the laws of God, ready enough to attack him, and who more than once attempted to bully me, to deliver up the notes though I repeatedly offered to cancel

affi if he would swear to the truth of his letter
 othe o Mr. Goodall; nay, to give it to Mr.
 upo Goodall for that purpose, if he would
 ifhe attend him and his new PASTOR, to the
 ct o Altar of his Independent meeting house,
 NT and at that altar, and in their presence
 wh only, solemnly declare before them in
 ndin the name of God, that the note was gi-
 mse ven for the purpose he had declared in
 han his wicked and infamous letter. His *law*
 eing *friend*, was then forced to find out the
 ents following feeble apology for his declining
 a d t, viz. that doing so, after knowing that
 for his father had sworn the contrary, would
 al be indelicate! Could any thing such a
 mpt wretch could say or swear at the Altar of
 no INDEPENDENCE be indelicate, after so
 cel cros a letter to Mr. Goodall? even if the
 note

note had been given for the purpose he said it was, considering I could no way be interested therein, it was highly criminal; for why did he not *first* apply to me, and point out my *wicked conduct privately*, before he *exposed me* for committing *so infamous a deed*? but to give one specimen out of many I could produce of this young man's *delicacy*, I shall present my reader with the copy of an anonymous letter this *delicate wretch*, wrote to me in his own plain hand writing, a letter which even baffled his *Priestly Father and Lawyer*. *

S I R,

NOV. the 6th, 1786.

“ Low life abuse and falsehood is to
contemptible

* The minute his *Noble Brother* heard of this misunderstanding, resolutions, and oaths were laid aside, and a friendly correspondence has subsisted ever since! between the *Brothers*.

he contemptible to be offended at, and I
 should have supposed it had equally have
 been beneath the dignity of a man of un-
 derstanding and a gentleman, but I find it
 is not, I shall therefore only observe, that
 you would do much better to send your
 younger son to sea, than to abuse *his* as
 well as *your* benefactor, though God for-
 bid that he should undergo the hardships
 and ill treatment that I his brother have ex-
 perienced from the age of eight years to
 twenty six, through the means of an un-
 natural Father."

6. And yet this son, who had been so cru-
 elly treated by an *unnatural Father*, from
 his infancy, up to manhood; no sooner
 became of age, than he presented his un-

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natural

natural Father with an hundred pounds always addressed his letters "Dear and Honoured Sir," gave him a hundred pounds *more* for the Hermitage than was asked! and at the full age of man, and totally independent of that *unnatural Father* with whom he by choice lived, gave him a note of hand for five hundred guineas, and for value received too, three months before the date of the writings *not as a free gift, but for the payment of and in full, for value received, for an Estate* not conveyed, nor even mentioned in the note! If any person wishes to see what an ingenious *Independent Lawyer*, and his young committee man, have said on this subject, when I called upon them in the Bath Chronicles and Journals to defend themselves,

themselves, they may find a long correspondence between an unnatural *Father*, and a *dutiful* son, in those papers. * A letter to Cruttwell, the Printer of the Bath Chronicle, from Mr. *Philip Touchet*, Lord Audley's Brother, now lies before me, in which *that ingenious young man*,

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says,

* No sooner was this transaction known to the Noble Lord Audley, but he immediately commenced a correspondence and afterwards visited his dear brother at Bath, though there had been a total separation for above five years, the young gentleman who was so delicate about contradicting his father on oath, had no objection to break his own, when it was to lead to a reconciliation with his dear brother who, said he had counted him upon a run-a-way horse at one time, and who had early buried him alive in a stone quarry at another before he was *of age*. I forgot too to observe that *John Thicknesse* when at Gibraltar, addressed me as his *Dear Papa*, but when he became a Lord and had jockeyed me out of a thousand pounds, I was kept at a proper distance by "Honoured Sir" and his dear mother was become "Mrs. Thicknesse," and at too when he wrote a shameful excuse for not paying me the interest of the thousand pounds I gave him. Several wise and friendly men of rank and probity, have advised me not to publish the conduct of these two *Brothers*: because they are my sons, they *were so*: but their shameful conduct has canceled all those ties which are so binding, between Parents and Children, and shall I not defend myself when charged with a son with a crime even worse than forgery? because not done

says, *If I will leave a note with the Printer under my own hand writing, and there pledge my honor that I will believe what he swears, and that I will neither speak of it, nor print any thing about it afterwards* he will then swear that the note of hand was given for the payment of the Hermitage

done at the risque of my life, and is not Lord Audley criminal in giving countenance to a Brother, whom he had no connection with, the minute he heard of his coming to me? Before I published the queries to this young Noble I sent them to him for his serious consideration, and gave him a fortnights time, but he immediately returned them to me at the expence of a shilling for their postage! and even his servants wrote me insolent anonymous letters, nor would he give me the interest of the thousand pounds, till I had been at his door in Pall Mall, and sent him in a pistol to shoot rather than starve his Father, and yet Palmer of the Post Office was the go between, previous to the sham reconciliation, his Lordship's part, declared to me that Lord Audley promised to evince his sincere contrition, by sending me a hundred pounds a year upon me, and yet even after he had given him the thousand pounds, it was with the most unfeigned Reluctance, that he signed the necessary Security, which Mr. Madocks thought he should sign. Now should this Noble Lord die before me, an event, considering his wretched state of body, and mind, by no means improbable, I lose fifty pounds a year; and I at present

nitage. Provided I acknowledge at the
 same time, and in the same paper, that he
 was *only eighteen* when he made an oath
 never to speak more to his Brother, and
 that the oath was made with my consent.
 This needs no comment, but I ack-
 nowledge that I did approve of his
 never

another fifty, which hangs upon a tenderer thread, if there-
 fore these two events happen, I may live to want; should
 Lord Audley therefore have insured his life against mine,
 I could not have wanted his interest, had I not so weakly
 given away the principal, but Lord Audley may truly say,
 have I not settled an hundred pounds a year on Mrs. Thick-
 shanks after my Father's death? He has so, it was what I com-
 manded him to do, when I found he was silent about the two
 hundred pounds a year promised to be settled upon me, but
 as a grant of so little value, that it is at his service for two
 years purchase. Previous to the thousand pounds being given
 him, this *affectionate Lord* he *in my arms, caught my hair,*
 told me he had been so unhappy that he thought he
 could have *pistoled himself*, but now said he, I shall recover
 health and spirits. If therefore I have not acted the part of
 an *unnatural Father*, remember READER, that the relation of
 this sad tale may save some other unguarded Parents from the
 misery of their children, and remember too, what Swift
 has said, viz. I never knew a man who could not bear the
 afflictions and misfortunes of his neighbours, *perfectly like a*
Christian, and then put your hand to your heart and say,
 should it not be THE SAME WITH ME?

never speaking to or visiting his Brother for the *reasons*, (whether true or false, know not) he had given me, but deny that it was when he was only eighteen, as I think he was, if not quite, near twenty years of age.

I shall close this sad, and unexampled story, with a copy of a letter from Lord Audley, to the "*Dear Papa*" of Ensign Thicknesse, who thereby meant to teach me to keep my distance, by such an affected manner of displaying his own. And now in the name of that INCOMPREHENSIBLE BEING, who gave me life, I solemnly declare, that sad, severe, or wrong, this narrative may appear, to such "*can bear the misfortunes of others, perfectly like christians*" that I am not actual

by malice, or resentment; but to hold up a Picture of the *Present times*, before the rising generations of men, in hopes that it may never be copied; and if thereby I preserve one Parent from the bitter pangs which I have endured for years, even to that of BURSTING and BLEEDING from the most IMPORTANT CHANNELS OF LIFE, I shall glory in having told this dismal tale.

Honour'd Sir,

It has given me great concern, not being able to send you a draft for the half years interest sooner, but my Grovelly Tenant who is a year and a half in arrear to me, has so often disappointed me, that I have been much distressed. I now inclose a draft on Horlock, for twenty five pounds, which I hope you will receive to-

to-morrow, as I send it by the coach. Mr. Rieley has not prosecuted, and the Term ended yesterday, he is still in town, but I have never seen him in public. I will try and find Count O'Rorke, and will shew him any civilities that lies in my power, as it is your desire. The letters forwarded, and have inclosed some franks for Mrs. Duff, I have been far from well for some time past, I have some thoughts of going abroad, as soon as I have settled my affairs, but will tell you more of that when I have the pleasure of seeing you which I hope will be soon. My love to Mrs. Thicknesse and my Sisters.

Believe me to be with the greatest regard,

Your affectionate Son, AUDLEY.

* This was the last letter I ever receiv'd from Lord Audley and the first Interest he paid me, the next was at the Post Office Recommendation! in Pall-Mall.

Anecdote of T. CHATTERTON.

WHEN he was only five years of age, somebody made him a present of a little penny toy in plaister of Paris, representing a Lion or a Horse, I forget which, but seeing a great variety of figures in the Vender's basket, he urged the presentor to change it, if there could be found among them such a thing as an Angel with a trumpet; as the Angel could not be found, he cried, and being asked why he was so desirous of that particular figure; he wished for an Angel he said to *trumpet about his FAME!!* when he went to London, to seek his future fortune, he told his mother and sister, he had only to lament that he did not understand latin

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and

and greek. If said he I were acquainted with the Classics, I could do enough to be remembered a thousand years, adding, I have already done enough to be remembered three hundred.

It is to me as wonderful, even as wonderful, as Chatterton himself was wonderful; that the least doubt could arise between learned and ingenious men, that Rowley and Chatterton were not *one and the same person*? Are not all his writings pretended translations from the Saxons or other mens works? Poor fellow! he thought that the writings of a young blue coat boy could not attract notice, but he hoped that *his writings* under an antient and a borrowed name might, and therefore he borrowed Rowley's; but unfortunately

nately, finding that neither would sufficiently provide for a man of his extensive and astonishing genius; he borrowed that life from HIM who gave it, and who I doubt not will forgive the unwarrantable bleed of a soul, who could not bear its present mansion, in want of the necessaries to sustain life, and sensible that he merited more. By his desire of fame, one would be apt to think he imitated Alexander the Great, who coming to the tomb of Achilles, sighed, and cried out, " O fortunate young man! who had an Homer to trumpet out thy fame."

ANECDOTE

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Anecdote of a FEMALE GREEN GROCER at SOUTHAMPTON.

HAVING landed at Southampton about the year 1752, from the Island of Jersey, and lodging in that city, opposite the market house, I was daily accosted by a remarkable well looking woman who had a stand there for the sale of Asparagus, Greens, Fruit, &c. with, “ *nothing in our way to day fir?*” in short this woman’s captivating manners were such that I had no idea of dealing with any one in any other way but herself. Upon my asking her one morning the price of her Asparagus, she made so high a demand, that thinking myself at the Jersey instead

Instead of the Southampton market, I re-
 plied in French, *c'est trop*. Indeed sir, re-
 plied my elegant *fruiterefs*, " *I have not*
drank a drop to day." I instantly recol-
 lected my mistake, explained it, and
 asked her what she supposed I had said to
 her? She replied, (still preserving her
 temper and the utmost address and good
 manners,) I thought sir, you said I were
 drunk, I begged her pardon, and ex-
 pressed my surprise! that she could have
 supposed I could have said so rude a thing
 so a handsome, and so well behaved a
 woman, and we parted both perfectly
 satisfied. A Southampton friend who di-
 ned with me that day, commending her
 paragus very much, I thought a little
 commendation due also to the accom-
 plished

plished vender of them; related what had passed between us, and desired he would observe her appearance from the window as she was still at her stand in the market. Do you know who she is said my friend that woman Sir, said he, is the Sister of the present Duchefs of Chandois!! I determined early the next morning to give her *handsale*, and the following dialogue passed between us. Pray Madam said I are you Sister to the Duchefs of Chandois yes Sir, I am; and does your Sister take no kind notice of you? yes Sir, she takes a proper notice of us all; we are many Sisters: what sort of notice does she take why she sent for us all up to London cloathed us suitable to our stations in life sent a servant to shew us such things

Lond

London as were most likely to amuse such
 strangers, put some money in our pockets
 (observing that the Duke is not rich,) and
 then paid our journey back again: ad-
 ding, what else could she do? for we
 were not fit to be set down at *the Duke's*
table! What an instance was here of good
 sense and refined judgement; it were a
 pity thought I that *there had* not been ano-
 ther good tempered Duke, to have bought
 this woman also of her husband; * for she
 too was certainly worthy of *gracing* any
 man's table.

* *Her Grace* when a girl of fourteen years of age, served
 a *Pot girl*, to an old woman who kept an ale house near the
 entrance gate of the city of Winchester, and when the old
Marradan was told of the sudden, and exalted situation of
 her quondam maid. Aye—aye—said she, I always told her.
 Nan you'll come to good:—you'll come to good Nan."

A few REMARKS on the present situation of GEORGE BRIDGES, BARON RODNEY.

IT is impossible for a man of reflection to look over the many eminent services this gallant and able Sea officer has rendered to his King and country, not only in the late, but in former Wars, without recurring to the numerous instances of public ingratitude of Greece and Rome, or our surprise would be greater to observe with what neglect the present men in power *only*, treat, a Nobleman of such distinguished merit! I say in power *only*, for the nation at large look upon Lord Rodney as an officer who has laid at the foot of the THRONE, more and larger Br

ches of LAURELS than any Admiral of the
 past or present Century, but it is a melan-
 choly reflection, though not a new one,
 that the crime of INGRATITUDE to PUBLIC
 BENEFACTORS, is as old almost as the
 world. Bodies of men will do that which
 each individual, must condemn, & what
 the poet says, *Ploravere suis non respondere*
favorem speratum meritis, is applicable
 to the valiant and wise of most ages and
 countries. " When TIMOTHEUS had by a
 decisive and victorious battle at sea, com-
 pelled the Lacedemonians to acknowledge
 the Athenians superior in that element,
 what was his reward ? His countrymen
 punished him by fine, at the instigation of a
 base, a mean, and an artful faction; and
 may we not say, as the friends of SCIPIO

X

did?

did? That two of the greatest Cities in the world have again been found, highly ungrateful at the same time, to their chief commanders! Count De Grasse, after having lost upwards of four hundred men killed outright in the VILLE DE PARIS, and himself more than once left almost alone upon his quarterdeck, was received by his King with *fullen sadness*!! and Lord Rodney; either by the carelessness, or treachery of office, has been as ill fated in this!! THE KING indeed, sensible of his eminent services, has in the most gracious manner and without expence, made him noble, and marked his person with a badge of distinction; a badge, which should never appear, but upon the breast of military Heroes; but surely while every

pari

parish in the Island of Jamaica are instructing their representatives, to confer some distinguished and substantial proofs of their esteem upon this great sea officer, for securing to them their lives and possessions; Lord Rodney's *private property*, should not be neglected at home. To see a gentleman who has so justly deserved the applause and esteem of mankind; of polished and refined manners; of great political and nautical knowledge, grown old in the services of his country, not made as easy and happy as age and infirmities can render him, is indeed a melancholy reflection. It is now I think six years since the flag of France struck to that of Britain in the Ville De Paris, and yet though *keel* after KEEL, of ships of

War have been laid, the loss of that noble ship has not, nor *would not*, have been revived here, had not a land, not a sea officer, been placed at the head of the Admiralty. A wise resolution of Mr. Pitt's That seat should never be filled with a sea man; of the justness of this seeming paradoxical assertion, we have lately had sufficient proofs, too recent, and too painful to be repeated. I am under no other obligation to Lord Rodney but as an individual of that Kingdom, which owes to him so MANY high OBLIGATIONS; but have been urged to say thus much, from my indignant contempt to an anonymous writer, (who calls himself *an officer*,) of a pamphlet manifestly calculated, and dare say wrote *for hire* by a *garret-ter* be

make

maker; the drift of which is, to steal from the brow of Lord Rodney, some of those branches of Laurels he so bravely gathered, in order meanly to tack them to a man to whom they do not belong; whenever great actions are performed, it is always under the eye of envious men, who are ever in want of the word IF.

This *pamphlet officer* is fond of that word, and I too will use it for once, and say, IF Lord Rodney had seen the whole fleet of France, and had twenty two sail of upper bottom ships under his command, though he might not have thought it prudent to have given them battle, he would have given an order to twenty two British Captains, commanding line of battle

the ships, to put out their lights, leave their anchors and Cables behind them and run away! instead of which, he would probably have stood out to sea all night in a close line of battle, and closed upon the wind, in hopes of finding himself by the morning to windward of the enemy, but had he found the enemy even in that situation, he would not have shrunk from a prudent brush with them though they possessed a few more ships in the line.

“ BIRDS of the same FEATHER, flock TOGETHER.”

I did not intend to have stained a single page in this volume, with the odious name of Mackittrick, as it has been the

often held up to shame in the first ; and
 because more powder and shot has been
 bestowed upon it, than such a Carrion
 crow was worth; had not Mr. Tickell's
 second edition of the cases and cures ef-
 fected by his ÆTHERIAL ANODYNE SPI-
 RIT, rendered it necessary, because that
 gentleman has proved beyond the power
 of contradiction, that his medicine has
 succeeded in a great variety of cases; af-
 ter the best advice, and all other power-
 ful medicines have failed, I shall therefore
 annex to this chapter, a single and most
 extraordinary cure effected thereby, be-
 cause I have seen it under the patients
 own hand, and it does not I think appear
 in Mr. Tickell's second edition, but I
 must first observe, that it has been my
 province

province to expose the impudence of Mackittrick, it has been Mr. Tickell's, to exhibit his ignorance; for in both instances (his friends if he has any) cannot—durst not, attempt to defend him. Doctor Falconer was the only *medical pigeon*, among more than twenty ingenious residentian Physicians at Bath, with whom Mackittrick could form any acquaintance, but Falconer, finding him a man capable of writing, printing and publishing whatever falsehoods his malevolent disposition urged him to, he used him as a proper tool to work with, *i. e.* to say, and write such things which he had not spirit to do himself. I had, some years before, called Dr. Falconer to an account, for writing, printing and publishing,

TIVE ASSERTIONS, in what he calls *his*
analysis of the Bath waters * that LEAD
 was *soluble therein*, and thereby sounding
 serious alarm to the public. I asserted
 that it was a false alarm, by a letter in
 the St. James's Chronicle, leaving my
 name with the printer, in case the Doctor
 should call for it. The Doctor possessed
 himself of that information, and in the
 due *Mackittrick style* and *manner*, thus
 applied in the same paper.

S I R,

I observed in your Paper of the 20th of
 the last Month, a Letter addressed to me by
 your Name, on the Subject of the Bath Waters

Y

which

This *learned chymist* says, that the chief efficacy of the Bath waters arise from the great quantity of fixed air contained in them. Dr. Priestly (acknowledged to be the ablest chymist in Britain,) says the Bath waters do not contain more fixed air than his common pump water at Calne in Wiltshire.

which I understand is the Production of Mr. Philip Thicknesse. I do not think either the *style* or *matter* of this curious Epistle worth any answer from me, but as part of it relates to an affair of public concern, on that account only, I offer an explanation.

In the Year 1770, the stone which covers the lead cistern in the middle of the King's Bath, and which cistern lies about two feet and a half under ground, was taken up in order to clear the cistern of sand, which had accumulated so much as to clog the pipes that convey the water to the Pump-Room at the King's Bath. By accident a piece of the upper part of the cistern, about a pound and a half weight was broken off, and was brought into the

coffee

of coffee-house in the Grove, and there ex-
 amined by several persons, and myself
 among others, who all agreed, that the
 surface of it that had been next the *water*,
 appeared in a state of having been acted
 on by the *water*, from the furrows or irre-
 gularities that appeared upon it. Dr.
 Harrington, who I believe brought it into
 the coffee-house, can vouch for this fact;
 this was the foundation of what I advan-
 ced as a caution, and not as an assertion
 or insinuation of actual danger, but merely
 to *obviate suspicions of that kind*. This
 was all meant by a recommendation of
 the change of the pipes from lead to wood
 or iron, and so every candid reader has
 understood it, and I doubt not will do so.

As for Mr. Thicknesse's assertion, that the inside of the cistern is now in a pure and perfect condition, I assert he speaks what is not matter of fact, to his knowledge, as he has never seen more of it than a small piece, about two or three ounces weight, * which was accidentally broken off, as the cistern itself has not been taken up or examined, but remained covered with a foot and an half thick of earth at least.

As for his belief concerning the cistern having been more exposed to examination now than ever before since it was put down, every person who is acquainted with the baths, can inform him, that it has been

* Yet the penetrating Dr. has seen every part of it! page 299 of his essay, where he says, the corrodings are visible in every part on the inside of the cistern!

opened every two or at most three years,
 and laid open just as much as lately, ex-
 cept only about eight inches of gravel,
 which were lately removed, but which
 did not bring to light any part of the cis-
 tern, which was still under ground at least
 a foot and a half below the deepest part
 lately dug up. *

Had he made the proper enquiries be-
 fore he formed this article of his faith,
 he would not have betrayed his ignorance
 of this well known *fact*. Having thus,
 briefly as I could, stated the matters of
fact. I shall trouble myself no more on
 this subject.

I am, Sir, &c.

Dec. 8, 1781.

W. FALCONER,

I do assert that I have seen the cistern, and that the water
 capable of operating on both sides, for the truth of this
 assertion I appeal to Mr. Baldwin the Bath Architect, to Dr.
 General Johnston and many other gentlemen who saw
 so.

Extract from Falconer's Book.

" The action of this metal (lead) has
 " BEEN SUFFICIENTLY PROVED, and that
 " it is possible that the unfavorable symp-
 " toms sometimes produced on drinking
 " them, which we know not *how to ac-*
 " count for otherwise, may be produced
 " by some such impregnation as this me-
 " tal, though its effects are sometimes la-
 " tent, is seldom inactive, it may be per-
 " haps owing to this cause that some dis-
 " orders of the Spasmodic kind as *Opistho-*
 " *lotonus* seem sometimes rather enhanced
 " by drinking the waters, when bathing
 " alone is of great service." Reader
 observe what is said in the above extract
 from his *own book*, and compare it with
 what he has said in his *own letter*, and con-

consider whether I, or he, have said *the thing*
that is not. If I have, I will ask his pardon,
 if he has; he should long since have asked
 mine, instead of setting a mad dog to
 bark, because he durst not bite; nor is
 this the only falshood he has printed and
 published; for I do assert that Doctor Har-
 rington DID NOT bring the piece of lead
 into the coffee house—that Doctor Har-
 rington, will not vouch for the fact.—It
 was not the foundation of what Falconer
 advanced—nor was it an assertion to ob-
 viate suspicions. To Doctor Harrington,
 I appeal, a gentleman of the utmost pro-
 perty, respectable as a man; able as a Phy-
 sician, and an accurate observer of every
 thing worthy of notice, I appeal; whether
 that very piece of lead, was not brought
 into

into the coffee house by Mr. Atwood, a plumber, to prove the very reverse of what Mr. Falconer has asserted in the *St. James's Chronicle*? Mr. Atwood brought it to those gentlemen to show, that the ancient plumbers cast their sheet lead upon very coarse rough sand, and consequently, the underside would be very irregular, the upper perfectly smooth, and the piece brought into the coffee house being exactly in that state, after having lain some hundred years in contact with the Bath waters, appeared in the same soluble state * for the indents of the coarse sand were perfect on one side, the other

perfect

* This foolish and alarming idea had got into France, as the *Falconer of Paris*, Monsieur Scheele, has said *que l'eau dissolvait le plomb. Que ce metal rest simplement en suspension dans l'eau, &c.* but it has been proved in France as well as in England; que ces assertions and les terreurs qu'elles ont produites sont également fausses,

perfectly smooth, and proved beyond a doubt, that the water had not altered its original form, to all who possessed either eyes to see, or faculties to conceive; that LEAD IS NOT SOLUBLE IN THE BATH WATERS: yet Falconer has had the temerity to say it “ *has been proved*” and to deny that he has so said!! and that too in as perfect a *Cook maid style*, as these sheets, or any other trash which ever came from the press. If the above extract from his analysis does not prove it to the satisfaction of the reader, he is referred to the book itself, or to a book I published, addressed to this man of *mettle*, in the year 1775, in which I have voted him a *medal of lead*, as a reward for his extraordinary talents, at *saying*, and *unsaying*;

Z

and

since which he has united with Mackittrick, to decry a medicine, which all the other Physicians at Bath, have the candour to acknowledge to be a valuable acquisition to the *Materia Medica*. One proof of which I shall insert here, having as I said above, seen the account under the patient's own hand; beside, I have experienced the efficacy of the Ætherial Spirit in my own person, as well as the skill, attention, and abilities of Mr. Tickell, during a disorder in which I was in imminent danger, and during which (such was my confidence in Mr. Tickell's abilities) I did not call in any other assistance; surely therefore, if I entrust a medical gentleman with that which is of most importance to all men (LIFE.) I have a right to speak

of his abilities as a man, and of his
 medicine (of which I know the good
 effects) with confidence; yet that was
 the cause *only*, of bringing two mighty
Doctorial Gentlemen's vengeance from the
press, who did not consider, that they
 were to endure the *pain*; and therefore I
 do again assert, that Mr. Tickell's *Ætherial*
Anodyne Spirit, possesses antispasmodic
 virtues in an eminent degree, and that it
 totally succeeded in a most obstinate rheu-
 matism, attended with such frequent and
 intolerable spasms, as rendered life abso-
 lutely a burthen; but happily the patient
 possessed a most equable temper, and many
 christian virtues.

The spasm, or if you will, that subtile
 humour which violently irritated the ner-

vous system (and sudden in its transition as the gouty) generally made its first attack in the lower extremities, rapidly passed up the hinder part of the leg and thigh, and terminated about the loins where it exerted its cruel ravages on the spine. The duration of extreme pain was but short, for if it had lasted many seconds, no human patience could have been equal to the conflict. The waters of Buxton had proved unsuccessful, rather increased the complaint, and those of Bath were made trial of with no better effect. Such medicines also, as might naturally have been concluded, would have afforded relief, proved altogether inefficacious. Salivation was at last proposed, and the suffering patient, ready

submitted

submitted to make the experiment, during the height of the ptyatism, the spasms totally ceased; but as it diminished, they returned with equal violence. Under these circumstances, the Ætherial Spirit was recommended, and from the time of taking the first dose, to the end of a week, there was not a single attack. The spasms afterwards returned, but were neither so violent nor so frequent, and as neither drinking Bath water nor bathing, appeared to be of the least service, the gentleman by short stages returned home, and took no other medicine but the Ætherial Spirit, which he continued once or twice every twenty four hours, till he remained perfectly free from this distressing complaint for several days. On any slight return,

turn, the patient had again recourse to the same Spirit, repeating the dose five or six times. The attacks became more slight, and less frequent, and when he wrote the last account of himself, he had been perfectly free from any symptom of spasm for two months, had regained his usual strength and health, except now and then, a trifling remembrance of the rheumatic affection. *

Having found such frequent occasion to produce instances of ignorance, impudence, and falsehoods, not only in this chapter, but in the preceding ones, the reader may conclude I might naturally reflect on the conduct of that King of impudence

* Since this sheet has been at the press, I have seen a letter from Dr. Bree of Leicester, wherein he says he has performed two very extraordinary cures, with Tickell's Elixir and holds the medicine in high esteem.

and falshood, whom I have more than
 once heard hold forth in my younger days
 near Lincoln's Inn Fields; I mean the ce-
 lebrated Orator *Doctor Henley*, of whom
 the following story seems *apropos*; Hen-
 ley challenged any two disputants to meet
 him on a certain day, to propose their own
 subjects of discussion, and declared that
 he would meet them, and determine the
 merits of the cause, with the strictest re-
 gard to impartial justice. Two ingenious
 and spirited Oxonians, fixed with the
 orator, and on the appointed day, went
 well supported with a party of their
 friends; and being called upon by the
 orator to propose their *Themes*, one of
 them told him he had undertook to prove
 the impudence of the Orator himself, ad-
 ding,

ding, and my friend here, has undertoo
to prove your ignorance. Henley had
private way from the *Rostrum* into his ow
house, through which he prudently ret
red, postponing the award to a futur
day. May I not now say, that I have pro
ved the impudence and falsehoods of tw
great *physical philosophers*, and that M
Tickell has proved their ignorance, and
that if an instance of their *modesty* coul
be offered, it is, that one has retired from
his *Rostrum* at Bath, and hid himself in a
little village near Portsmouth, called Titon
field, where he may “ snarl and bite a
“ play the dog,” and that the other, long
frequently put forth in the Bath and other
papers, a fulsome panegyric, which w
sent him with the Fothergillian medal, be

wh

which I could wish to add a companion
to it, of insoluble lead, wherein I would
have the two medical philosophers heads
as a vis, and underneath them, I DARE.

NECDOTE of the ARCH-BISHOP of
CANTERBURY.

HAVE been told by a very great man,
and a very proud man too; that proud
men are always particularly humble to
their inferiors. If that observation be a
true one, the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury
is not a proud man, and therefore I am
convinced his Grace will excuse my re-
lating the following transaction, which I
endeavour to do with all imaginable
respect to his present high station.

He became first acquainted with Mr.

A a

Moore

Moore at the house of my Brother in law
 Dr. Richard Grey at Hinton in Northamp-
 tonshire, where I found him *Garçon de*
famille, much esteemed by my Brother
 and Sister, and much admired, I dare say
 by their four daughters, for he was a very
 handsome young man, and if I mistake
 not he admired one of them *particularly*
 as it was during the Astrop season, it then
 fell to his lot and mine, to decide the fate
 of a pool at commerce, each of us equally
 anxious, for the Lady on whom the luck
 was pending, and I had then an early
 specimen, of the great susceptibility of
 trifling a matter excited in Mr. Moore's
 bosom, relative to a decision, on which
 neither of us were otherwise interested
 than on behalf of our fair friends.

It was about that time I believe, that the Duke of Marlborough (whose truly princely and noble disposition will never be forgotten,) asked my brother Grey, whether he knew an ingenious learned young Clergyman, or a fellow of a College, of character sufficient, to be taken into his family, as Tutor to his son Lord Charles Spencer? Doctor Grey did—for he knew Mr. Moore—and recommended him in a pointed and particular manner, as an unexceptionable person, and fully qualified to execute such a trust with fidelity and abilities. I will not, I need not say how fortunately, or I might say it considering the high station his grace sustains, with the same credit he did (now one) that ages may not produce

the like again. It was natural for me, knowing this, to imagine some little attention was due from Mr. Moore, through every station of his future fortune, to the relations of Dr. and Mrs. Grey. After Dr. Moore became a Prebend of Durham I had the honor of spending some time with him at Shobdon Court, the seat of Lord Bateman, in Herefordshire, we daily rode out together, and he afterwards honoured me with letters couched in the most friendly terms, and desired me to procure him a singular weather cock of my own construction, which I sent him and which cost me something more than a guinea. When he was appointed Bishop of Bangor, I took the liberty to tell him a cause of great importance to me, and af-

y family, was soon to come on before
 e house of Lords; sent him I think, the
 fe of the appellant and respondent, and
 treated him to (what I presume was
 s duty) attend it. To this request I re-
 ived a very short reply indeed! it was
 ' Sir, and an humble Servant" letter to
 ll me he *could not*! I concluded there-
 re, some other Dr. Moore had been ap-
 nted to the See of Bangor, and that
 had addressed a stranger, for I did not
 then know, that it was improper to
 dress a Bishop, or congratulate him
 on his good fortune in the style of a
 nd who rejoiced to hear it. The
 Bishp in the house of Lords is WELL
 ll known, and *will be never forgotten*. I
 e, and after went a *wandering* into Spain,
 and

and upon my return to Calais, I again addressed the Bishop of Bangor in a *proper manner*, for my request was complied with in the following manner.

“ Sir,

Yesterday brought me the favor of your letter upon the subject of your intended publication, through France and part of Spain. I shall be one of your subscribers”

And am your most obedient

Humble Servant,

J. BANGOR.

Soon after my return to England, and after my first volume had been *delivered* to the Bishop, being at my Bookseller's shop, (Brown's the corner of Essex Street) the Bishop accidentally came in, and

ticed me with—" your servant *Captain Thicknesse*," and then turning to the bookseller, ordered his paper, &c. to be sent to BANGOR and retired. I was astonished! I considered myself an unfortunate man and no way obliged to the Bishop. I had received *his guinea* indeed, but so had he the weather cock. After he was gone the bookseller and his boys expressed their surprise also, for they it seems had heard the Bishop speak of me as one I had the honour to be well known to, and by his repeated enquiries for the book he had subscribed to; and Brown could not help saying I thought you had been well known to *my Lord Bishop* and intimate friends. And I replied I thought he had been mine; but as I now had reason to think otherwise

wise, if he would furnish me with a sheet of
 paper, I would take the liberty to ask his
 Lordship, what sin I had committed, or
 what sin I lived in the commission of, that
 he should treat me with such disregard,
 as to occasion the bookfeller and his boys
 to observe it? I will not repeat more of
 the contents of my letter, though a copy of
 it lies before me, because I must own it
 was written in anger, and in very intem-
 perate terms, but my bosom heaved as
 his Lordship's did, at the pool of com-
 merce, for instead of receiving ten thou-
 sand pounds, a sum I had for twenty years
 before been assured by the ablest lawyers
 in the Kingdom would become my pro-
 perty, I had at that time six hundred
 pounds to pay for my vain efforts to re-
 cover

over it, and I thought I should have met the Bishop with a better face, if I had, like him, been a fortunate man.

Nothing could be more temperate than the Bishop's reply, for he declared that he was not conscious of any slight or neglect of civilities due to me, but as he was, even after he had paid his subscription, rather in my debt, than I in his, I told him he owed me a guinea, for I could not ascertain the exact sum I had paid for the weather cock, and desired it might be paid; this was accordingly done, a guinea enclosed between two cards, and another very temperate civil letter accompanied though I must own, neither of my letters merited so much politeness.* And now

B b

I

I carried it to Dr. Dodd in Newgate.

I may observe, how cautious even the greatest men, either by birth, or high station should be, in their conduct towards their little inferiors, for would not the reader conclude that *here* the business ended. Will he not say, there is now forever an end to all correspondence between the Bishop and *Captain* Thicknesse? Certainly he will think so, but no such thing it was only the beginning! For a few days after, I dined with Mr. Bateman (Lord Bateman's brother) and there related what had passed between me and the Bishop of Bangor. I related it perhaps with a degree of warmth, natural to my temper, and when I had so done, Mr. Bateman said they were not satisfied, for that his Lordship had

the same flights and want of attention also
 them. If they were not surprised, I
 as; for however insignificant I might
 appear in the Bishop's eyes, it was won-
 derful to me, to find that a respectable
 and honorable gentleman, *nearly related*
to the Duke of Marlborough, * could have
 been overlooked by any man, much less
 Dr. Moore. I then told Mr. Bateman,
 that my anger and resentment was at an
 end, and that I would that very day,
 write to the Bishop, and humbly ask his
 pardon for the warmth expressed in my
 former letters; and did so, for I had just
 said, that he had slighted also
 the relations of the Duke of Marlbo-
 rough, and therefore I had not the most

B b 2

distant

Mr. Bateman's mother was Sister to the late Duke of
 Marlborough.

distant pretensions to be hurt by his overlooking or slighting me.

My letter upon this point, seemed to give his Lordship pain indeed, he left his name at my door, the next day, and urged me strongly, to let him know (if we were not bound to secrecy,) by whom the Duke of Marlborough's family he was so accused? adding, that if he were guilty he should think himself the most offending man alive. In reply, I informed his Lordship, that though I was not bound particularly to secrecy, I considered myself not at liberty to disclose private conversation which passed at a friend's table but assured him that they were people of veracity, and therefore I could not doubt the fact, and that the reader may maintain

doubt this relation of it, I will observe
that though my respectable friend Mr.
Bateman is dead, his lady is still living.
His business however seemed to give the
shop deep concern, and he determined
to drop his enquiry, till he found
within whose doors the complaint was
made; and knowing that I had the honor
of being often with Lord Bateman, he
inquired the complaint originated there, but
his enquiry found it did not; yet there
perhaps, he got a hint that it lay in Hart-
well Street, for thither he went also. Mrs.
Bateman would not be seen, but Mr. Bate-
man acknowledged the charge, nor did
he visit and apologies, which no doubt
did not make, occasion any renewal of their
acquaintance. I have the Bishop's letters
before

before me, one of which his Grace I am sure will excuse me in presenting to my readers, as it is relative to the preceding part of this transaction, especially as I sent the proposals of printing my memoirs to *his Grace, and to the Duke of Marlborough, who upon a former occasion honoured me with his name, and who upon no occasion can notice any man, who has more respect to his aimiable character.*

S I R,

“ It is not much like a proud man who writes to you again after the letters I have received from you. But it is like a man who knows how to excuse even injurious treatment from one he wishes well to.”

* His Grace is still a few shillings in my debt, and therefore from the tenor of the following letter, filled with wishes, it rather disappointed me, as I presume it will to every candid reader.

when he sees that treatment was the effect
of resentment grounded on misapprehen-
sion. You ask me, if I did not know that
you had lately a very great misfortune
and great injustice done you? I did not,
nor do I know at this moment what you
allude to. I was also ignorant, till I re-
ceived your letter, of the other events
you mention, that a title and fortune had
fallen to your children. The truth is, my
thoughts and time have been engaged for
some time past solely with a very near re-
lation, and a friend, both in a very bad
state of health, and I have heard little,
and attended less to what was going on in
the world. And now Sir let me ask you a
question in my turn, where is the crime
of my not having been acquainted with
those

those circumstances? or how are you justified in loading me with opprobrious accusations, for not having taken notice of them when I met you? You will do better to keep your anger for those who deserve it, I do not deserve it; I am really and unaffectedly sorry for your misfortunes, and the injustice that has been done you, of whatever kind they may be, and I am still capable of receiving sincere pleasure, from hearing of a good fortune that befalls you, or your children, and the greater the extent of it the greater will be my pleasure. This is the truth; and I expect to be believed, that for the best of reasons, because I never in your life could charge me with untruth. You tell me again and again

ny obligations to your family, I am ready
 to acknowledge a thousand obligations to
 Dr. and Mrs. Grey in a long friendship of
 many years, particularly to him whose
 advice I have profited by, and may as
 long as I live, if it be not my own fault,
 but not one of those he has left behind
 him will tell you, I have forgotten those
 obligations. But enough of this, I will
 put an end to this letter with repeating the
 advice, don't be affronted at the word,
 this is not meant to affront, I have given
 place before in it; distinguish between
 those who are disposed to behave insolent
 to you, and those who are not—between
 your friends and your enemies, I can
 never have a place among the latter, and

C c

perhaps

perhaps it may be immaterial to you whether I have any among the former or not

I am Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

J. BANGOR.

It is many years since I read the above letter, and therefore it urges me now to observe upon it, that it certainly is written with a temper and disposition suitable to a wise man, and a christian Bishop: it is true also, that my sister now eight and four years of age, and her three daughters speak as highly of his grace as any of his friends; and think as highly too, nay I know my sister has left him a picture worked by her daughter, Mrs. Lloyd the Dean of Norwich's wife, of real value, merely by

cause the Bullfinch which is pecking at a
 bunch of grapes in a cabbage leaf, was co-
 ed from a Bull-finch, Mr. Moore shot;
 ut may I not say in my turn, that Dr. Grey
 s three daughters, who have sons at the
 iversity unprovided for, and a daugh-
 r married to an ingenious young man,
 o has no other subsistence than the
 all Curacy of Uphill in Somersetshire,
 d then may I not ask, has his grace con-
 red any mark of favor further than
 il words, upon any part of Doctor
 ey's family? two of whom would at
 s day have been in holy orders, if they
 d the least hopes of any preferment,
 before this chapter went to the press,
 rote to my Niece, the widow of the
 y Doctor Bowles, and youngest daugh-

ter of Doctor Grey, and asked her the state of her family, and whether the Archbishop had taken any notice of her, or any of her family. In reply she was *quite silent*, as to the latter Querie, but saying "as you was pleased to enquire into the state of my family, I shall trouble you with a small account of it. I have four daughters and three sons, the eldest son which is designed for the Church, and is of Trinity College, Oxford, he is not yet in orders, but might have been so some time ago, as he is neither wanting in knowledge, character or abilities; his present view is to be fellow of the College, to which I imagine he will succeed on the first vacancy, my second son is as you know, in the physical line, and my youngest

youngest is bred to the law; if you can
 form any idea of the expence of a uni-
 versity education, I presume you will
 easily see why there was only one sent
 forth, my eldest daughter married with-
 out our knowledge or consent, a Clergy-
 man of very small fortune indeed, he
 Curate of Uphill in Somersetshire,
 where they now live." This is the situ-
 ation of Dr. Grey's daughter and grand-
 son, the Uphill Clergyman has thirty
 pounds a year, and the eldest son might
 have been in orders, but being *without a*
son or a friend, waits to obtain a fel-
 lowship of Trinity College! and yet his
 uncle of Canterbury tells me, "that not
 one of those" (meaning Dr. Grey's fa-
 mily) "whom he has left behind, will
 tell

tell me he has forgotten those obligations it may be so, but I can tell his Grace, that not one of those, have yet benefited by the goodness of his memory, and I hope at least the poor Curate of Uphill, who certainly cannot deal with the *Village Butcher* above once a fortnight; will be remembered *effectually*. I never saw him nor his wife; but I flatter myself his Grace will not let a grand daughter of Dr. Grey's starve, when a Vicarage of four score pounds a year would make him and his wife happy, for fortunately, they have no children.*

* The late Dr. Garnett, an Irish Bishop, and the Author had been intimate friends in their youth, long before the Doctor had any idea of wearing a mitre, many years however separated them, till chance threw them together at a meeting in London.

The Author thought it was his old friend, but not being certain, after looking stedfastly at him, and not being able to make up his lips for the utterance of the two words

I might ask his Grace in my turn too, were not the question so high above my reach) whether if he had not been full as susceptible of flights, neglect, or ill breeding; even in a rapid line of prosperity, as I might be found in adversity, why, when a certain old Duchess *be-paraded* him at Blenheim, he instantly took his horses and a French leave, and went to Durham, and from thence made his excuse to the Duke of Marlborough and desired permission to *return* when the
 Duchess

did; he thus addressed the worthy Prelate. *Is it you, or not*; for I protest I am not sure? Yes said he, it is me, taking one of my hands into both his) nor will we part till we have ate and drank together. This was my, if not priestly, and when this good man died, he bequeathed his Executors to send me the Portrait of a Brother of mine, which had hung thirty years in his house, and that brother had no hand in leading him to an installation, he had been his friend, when in an humble station, and a Curacy of fifty pounds a year would have made him

Duchess left Blenheim? If he did so, surely I might have been excused if I disliked being *be-Captained* in a bookseller's shop. I could ask his Grace another question and relate another extraordinary anecdote, but which I withhold, out of
 HIGH RESPECT TO OTHER PERSONS
 whom it might give great pain, though no ways dishonorable to any person now living.* ANECDOTE

* Since this book has been in the press, Mrs. Bowles has been honoured with more than one letter from the Archbishop; expressing an unbounded regard for her and her family, and has promised to provide for the Curate of Upminster and her ingenious son, (*now in orders*) at Oxford, for I myself did anonymously remind his Grace of the situation of my widow niece and her very large family, and thereby procured some notice to be taken of them not only by letter but by his Coach sent from Lambeth, to fetch some part of the family to dine at the Palace. It is near a year since, I have not yet heard of any other place, than a place in the Coach of Lambeth.

NECDOTE of the PRETENDER,
PRINCE CHARLES.

ADY Mary Touchet a beautiful English woman, and sister to my late wife, made her first public appearance at ball at Paris, given by the Pretender just before his expedition into Scotland, in the year 1745. The Prince not only attracted by her personal charms, but being the sister to a English Catholic Peer; took her out, as his partner, and before they parted, he communicated to her, whether he was going, and the importance of his expedition. I cannot tell, but I can easily conceive, to what a pitch of enthusiasm, a beautiful young English woman of the same religious principles,

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and

and so particularly honoured at that time might be led to say upon so trying an occasion; but whatever it were, he instantly took his pen knife from his pocket, ripped the star from his breast, and gave it to me as a token of his particular regard, and I doubt not that *she* concluded, such an external mark of his partiality, had he succeeded, was given as a prelude to the offer of a more precious jewel which he lay under the star *within* HIS BOSOM. That beautiful woman, died at the age of twenty, the star fell into the lap of her sister, and as she soon after fell into mine I became possessed of that *inestimable badge of distinction*, together with a fine Portrait of the Prince by Hufley. Being a whig and a military man, I did not

think it right to keep either of them in
 my possession, and a simple old Jacobite
 offered me a considerable sum of
 money for them, but having three nie-
 ces, whose father had lived in intimacy
 with the *late Sir John Dolben*, I presented
 them to them, and I believe that *valuable*
set of the departed Prince Charles, is
 now in the possession of Mrs. Lloyd, my
 eldest niece, and wife to the present Dean
 of Norwich. Lady Mary Touchet, was
 the first woman who appeared in England,
 in French dress, about the year 1748,
 which was *then*, so particular, that she ne-
 ver went out at Bath, the place of her
 constant residence, without being fol-
 lowed by a crowd; for at *that* time, the

general dress of France, was deemed
outrè in this, that in most eyes, it dimi-
 nished the charms, of both her face, and
 person; which she otherwise had the
 most claim to. She danced on the
 day night ball, and died the Sunday
 following, a lady who assisted in laying
 her out, told me she could scarce believe
 she was dead, for that she never saw
 much beauty in life, and that she exceed-
 ed in Symmetry, even TITIANS VENUS.
 That this unfortunate man was in London
 about the year 1754, I can POSITIVELY
 assert, he came hither, contrary to the
 opinion of all his friends abroad, but he
 determined he said, to see the capital
 that Kingdom, over which he thought
 self born to reign. After being a

days at a Lady's house in *Effex Street* in
the Strand, he was met by one, who knew
 this person in Hyde Park, and who made
 an attempt to kneel to him, this circum-
 stance so alarmed the Lady, at whose
 house he resided, that a boat was procu-
 red the same night, and he returned in-
 stantly to France. Monsieur Massac, late
 secretary to the Duke De Noailles, told
 me he was sent to treat with the Prince
 relative to a subsequent attempt to invade
 England. Mr. Massac dined with him,
 and had much conversation upon that
 subject; but observed that he was rather
 a weak man; bigotted to his religion,
 and unable to refrain from the bottle, the
 only benefit he said he had acquired, by
 his

his expedition among his countrymen
into Scotland.

An Irish officer with only one arm
formerly well known at the *Caffee de Commerce*
in Paris, * assured me that he had been
with the *Prince* in England, between the
years, forty five and fifty six, and that they
had laid a plan of seizing the person of
the King (George the second) as he re-
turned from the play, by a body of Irish
chairmen, who were to knock the foot-
vaunts from behind his coach, extinguish
the lights, and create confusion; while
a party carried the King to the water side
and hurried him away to France. It is
certain, that the late King often returned
from the theatres in so private a manner

* Mr, Segrave.

at such an attempt was not impracticable, for what could not a hundred or two, desperate villains effect, at a eleven o'clock at night, in any of the public streets of London? Ten minutes start would do it, and they could not have eluded of a much greater length of time. I also told me that they had more than seven hundred Irish chairmen, or that thousands of people, that were to assemble opposite the Duke of Newcastle's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the instant they heard any *particular news*, relative to the pretender. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but it may be right to repeat it, to prevent such an attempt, should any other pretender start up, for I have the BEST AUTHORITY to say such a thing is

is practicable, and that a person was taken off in broad day light, and in the middle of a large City, though under the protection of an English Major, and seven old French women, and that too by an individual. * It was not a King in true, who was taken off, nor it was not a man, but before the surprize of the Major, and his female party were over, the lady was far out of their reach.

ANECDOTE

* There are many people now living at Southampton who remember that transaction.

Dr. Grey, long before he died, was perfectly cured of *Jacobitism*, he observed that when the pretender was in Rome, his friends here kept his birth day, and spoke of him with ardour, but when he was in Scotland they seemed to forget him every day, now said the doctor, if I had been King, I would have pardoned all those who shewed mistaken loyalty openly, and hanged all his cowardly adherents who durst not appear to serve him, when their services were wanting; but thank God, that silly business is at an end, and the Catholics know, the sweets of living under a PROTESTANT PRINCE, and a free government.

ANECDOTE of Mrs. GARRICK, when
 she was the admired *Madame Violette*.

IN the year one thousand seven hundred and forty nine, that lady was at Bath, and though I had not then nor since the pleasure of being personally known to her, I never saw her but with admiration; her personal beauty, and the delicate manner of her dress, could not but attract attention, I mean not frippery or showery, but rather the reverse; mentioning that elegant woman to Lady Vane, who perhaps was the next woman in the kingdom, to be admired on account of her dress, &c. she agreed with me, and added, her breeding also, corresponds with her external appearance. Are you

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then

then Madame, said I, acquainted with
 dame Violette? no, I am not, but she
 wayspasses me with good breeding, observ-
 ing that well bred people, betray that, even
 as they pass strangers. This just observa-
 tion struck me exceedingly, I had often
 observed it in the late Duke of Hamilton
 when he passed strangers in the public
 walks; but Lady Vane could not but notice
 Madame Violette's polished manners
 as most of the *un-fly-blown* wives and
 misses, usually passed her with a toss
 the head, or a look of contempt, though
 perhaps at the *bottom of the mixture*, there
 might have been found a few grains
 envy. During Madame Violette's stay
 Bath, Mr. Nash was desired to take
 out to dance a minuet, and certainly

danc

dancing there at *that time*, was considered
 by all well bred persons as a favour. She
 was accordingly the first lady asked, after
 those of precedence had danced; and then
 she danced a minuet, as void of any flou-
 rishes, as it was full of grace and elegance;
 but behold! the next lady asked, refus-
 ed! what! dance *after* Madame Vio-
 lette? Mr. Nash took care she should not
 dance then, nor at any subsequent ball,
 and Miss returned to her Papa, an Iron-
 monger at Salisbury, without shewing the
 beaux of Bath, what an ear she had for
 the *musicks*, for Miss had learnt to play
 on the *spinnet*, as well as the spinning
 wheel. Having mentioned the late Duke
 of Hamilton, I cannot deny myself the
 pleasure of recording a singular instance

of the quickness of his parts, and the readiness of his address. When he first went to Edinburgh with his handsome Duchefs; his country folks charged them both with shewing too much *hauteur*, not only in public, but even at their own table; a charge which *his Grace*, one would think could not merit. However a prodigal Laird, not long descended from the mountains, who thought himself as good as a cheeld as any Duke or Laird on earth, determined to put his Grace to shame at a public ball given at Holy Rood House. After the whole *noblesse* of Edinburgh were seated, and the music waiting to strike up, on the *entrè* of *their two Graces*, a murmur was heard at the lower end of the room,—here comes the Duchefs—

comes the Ducheſs, and accordingly the
crowd of gentlemen, moved to the right
and left, to give her Grace a paſſage,
amidſt their humble and bended bodies,
but before her Grace had been ſeated at
the upper end five minutes, a ſecond
alarm was announced, here comes the
Duke—here comes the Duke,—the ave-
nue was again cleared for his Grace's en-
trance, by all but the *Highland Laddy*
mentioned above, but he turning his
back to the door, and ſetting his arms a-
broad, placed himſelf in the very center
of the *Gang way*. The Duke inſtantly
perceived who it was; and *why it was*; fo
walking ſtedfaſtly up, linked his arm
under his champion's, ſaying Mackittrick
how do you do? and keeping him in fa-
miliar

miliar conversation till he had led him to the upper end of the room, and joined his Duchefs, and there left *Jemmy* to walk back again, an object of as much contempt, when he appeared as the village doctor before Lord Moreton to whom one would think he had been formerly *Lacque*. *

* During the dispute between the author of these sheets and the Doctor, the following grub was handed about the City of Bath. How or why a man educated at the only university in Britain, capable of *turning out able Physicians*, could suspect the grub to allude to him, I cannot say, but he certainly offered a reward in the Bath Chronicle of fifty pounds to discover the author, he is therefore now informed that Joe Millar was the author, and P. Thicknesse the editor.

A CAUTION TO THE CAUTIONED, A true Tale told by Lord M——R——N, Addressed to a Medical Assessor, and a *Foolosopher* of Bath.

GOING some years since into Scotland, said his lordship, I stopped early at a small town in the north of England it being winter, and a long evening before me, I consulted my landlord, what chance I had of finding in that town a sociable companion to sup with me; the parson, after whom I first enquired, was just dead; the lawyer was gone to London; and in short, the doctor was the only man my landlord informed me, who was genteel enough to be admitted.

according

A ROBBERY committed by the late Alderman K——n.

MR. K——n, having a pleasure yatch of his own, often made a trip in her with a few friends to Calais, Boulonge, &c. and happened to arrive at Calais, just as I was returned from my Spanish Tour to

Accordingly enquired his name, and suspecting thereby he was a North Briton, I sent the compliments of a travelling stranger to the doctor, and desired the favor of his company for supper with me; the waiter soon informed me, that the doctor was in the bar, for having learnt there, that I were a lord, he waited for a second invitation; upon his entering the room, I perceived an uncommon degree of embarrassment in his countenance, which I endeavored to remove by making an apology for the liberty I had taken, and entreated him to sit down, and favor me with his company without ceremony; ne,—ne,—replied the doctor, I must *declene* that honor——no, no, doctor, pray be seated; *en troth* my guede lord you must excuse me, for though your lordship do na ken me, yet I ken your lordship *rite weil*; de you not remember your auld servant *Jemmy Macmurdith*?——what do you see Jemmy, in the capacity of a doctor of physie!—sofily my guede lord, let me *whesler* a word in your lugg, speak aw leest our landlord should hear what passes; it is your auld servant Jemmy who now stands before you;—well Dr. Jemmy said my lord, sit down, however, and let me hear without reserve, how you became a practitioner in physie; Jemmy then

to Montserrat. At this time I had engaged an Artist to engrave, from a painting I had got executed at Lyons, a view of that extraordinary mountain, and which I wanted an opportunity of sending safe to England. The late Mr. Redmond Simpson, of the Queen's band of music

being

then acquainted his Lordship, that his house steward having lost a silver spoon the day before he left his lordship's service refused to give him a character, and being out of employment he entered on board a Guinea man, in the slave trade, and having, says he, a *littel taitin* as ye know my lord, we have in my guts, I soon persuaded our South Bretan surgeon that I knew a little of *phesyeck* also, and he gave up the care of *awie* the black devils to me, from *Geuene* to *Antigua*.—well, and were you successful in your first outset? in truth no my lord, I was gilty of manifold errors, and we lost more than a moiety of our *living* cargo; but fortunately for me, Jemmy, the surgeon himself, (tho' I did the best I could for him) died the very day we cast anchor at Antigua, and I turned to Bretan in the capacity of surgeon's mate, and then got another station to the same climate, as full surgeon; and my lord, put some money in my pocket, and when I returned I purchased a deplema, and have practised now several years in this town, and the hamlets round about, as a regular *phesecian*; well Jemmy and I hope, said my lord, with better success than on your southern excursions? in truth my lord no, I have nothing to boast of in that way neither, but however, let me tell your lordship, that I have now well revenged the battle of *Flowden Field*.

being in the Alderman's *suite* and a careful honest man, I desired him to take charge of it to London, and to deliver it to my departed and valuable friend Mr. Alexander Whitchurch, who had promised to superintend the execution of the plate; Mr. Simpson, therefore placed the picture with great care, under the green baize, and the uppermost article in his portmanteau. The custom house officers at Dover, *knowing their men*, merely for form sake, meant only to lift up the covers of the Alderman and his friend's trunks, but could not even do that, without the picture appearing, and then they were, reluctantly enough, obliged to seize it. In vain did poor Simpson plead his readiness to forfeit every thing which was

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his

his own, provided the picture, another man's property, and for so particular purpose, could be delivered up, but as it was ineffectual, the picture was seized as contraband, and could not be restored. The poor Redmond related his grievances pathetically to the good natured Alderman, but nothing could be done. The next morning, Mr. K——n, visited the customs house, and after talking with the collector and the other officers on different subjects, pray said that gentleman shew me the picture of Montserrat, which you seized yesterday ; it was accordingly produced, he took a slight view of it, and then entered upon some other subject, and at length, business called the officers to different part of the office, and then Mr

K—

—n rolled up the picture, put it under his arm, and walked off with it! a circumstance which probably was full as agreeable to the officers who had seized (for it was of no real value) as it was to Mr. Simpson who had lost it, and to whom it was restored. If this was a crime, it was a crime which must be registered among the many generous and benevolent crimes Mr. K——n, was frequently committing, by relieving those who were distressed in either body, mind, or purse; he perceived how hurt his friend Simpson was, and would have given the picture in his house to redeem his friend from such anxious concern, such as the disposition of a gentleman, taken

off in the prime of life, loved and lamented by all who knew him.

ANECDOTE of a half pay Lieutenant
the British Navy.

WHEN I had the *honour* of spending a few months in the King's Bench Prison, (an honour I am disposed to hold in great esteem, and my candid readers may be induced to think I was *led into* from not being properly supported for doing my duty with propriety as a soldier, and with decency as a subject,) * I declined during those three months, any the least acquaintance, with that class of people called *the gentlemen*

* Perhaps I might (however wrong it certainly would have been) have confined Captain Lynch before, but that I have no reason to think Lord Anson might have landed the Queen at the Fort, certain I am that the Fort could have accommodated her Majesty better than any house in Harwich.

of the Bench, though many of them were
 in the very laced waistcoats which had
 procured them their *owtward doublets*; in-
 vited a volunteer female prisoner who ac-
 companied me thither, and a numerous
 train of visitors would have prevented me,
 had I been disposed to associate with a
 worse class of people than even Captain
 Mann, or the *scratching family of cock lane*.
 This rendered me rather obnoxious to the
 laced coat gentry, to not one of whom I
 ever spoke. About a fortnight before the
 day of my enlargement, my female friend
 came to prepare a King's Garrison, for
 the reception of a King's Bench Prisoner!
 Such are the vicissitudes of human life!
 During this last fortnight of my durance,
 I had leisure to look about me, as far as
 the

the walls of a prison extended; and though I doubt not there were many wretched beings among my fellow prisoners, only struck my attention, sufficiently to promote a desire of speaking to him; he always walked alone, smoked his pipe and had the appearance of a reduced tradesman. I invited him to drink a glass of wine with me, and found that his mind and his affairs were soon to be made easy, I offered him a little present assistance, which he declined, and desired I would bestow my attention upon a prisoner who was under the same roof with me, a Lieutenant of a man of war who told him, that when my dinner was brought up stairs, such was his extreme hunger, that he was often obliged to

down, and walk in the garden, to avoid even the smell of it; I desired him immediately to wait upon that gentleman, and to beg the favor of his company to eat a bit of cake and drink a glass of wine with us, which he often did, and the following is the state of his case. He was a man of neither family, nor interest, but the late gallant Admiral Boscowen, had taken notice of him as a very active good seaman, brought him *ast* upon the quarter deck, and promoted him by degrees to the rank of a Lieutenant. After the peace, being upon half pay, and much better acquainted with NEPTUNE and POLUS, than the artifices of women, as he was fauntring about the royal exchange he saw a *weeded widow* leaning over a hatch,

hatch, over which was written in LETTERS OF GOLD—ASSURANCE OFFICE. Pray Madam said *my Lieutenant*, what is it you insure? Ships, Sir, from the dangers of the sea, &c. a further conversation ensued, and old *Mrs. Assurance* invited the young Lieutenant, in to drink with her. The Lieutenant, who was rather *before hand* with his half pay agent, thought he had found a good peace broker on shore, made proposals to the old lady, married her, and the next week was conducted to an apartment near mine, in the state house of St. George's Fields for his debts. I pitied him, and so I am sure will the reader, and therefore I told the public in a letter printed in the St. James's Chronicle, that being the inhabitant of a good

and the day of my liberation near at hand,
 had deposited a few guineas in Mr. Davis's
 hands, Bookseller in Sackville Street, to
 begin a subscription, which I hoped the
 public would consider due to a young
 man who had deserved well of his coun-
 try in war, but now shut up in a prison,
 and who had lost his only patron and
 friend the gallant Admiral Boscawen; in
 short I so stated his case, that Mrs. Bos-
 cawen happened to hear of it, and find-
 ing it to be truly stated, she nobly sup-
 ported the collection, and I had not
 the pleasure of seeing *my* Lieute-
 nant liberated before I obtained my own,
 when I did, I quitted the goal, *on*
my account, with the eclat of a general
 march, of my fellow prisoners, at the

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head

head of which, was a late *Westminster Justice of peace*, otherwise I make no doubt I should have experienced the very reverse, for I had now and then a letter thrust under my door, to remind me that I was a CRIMINAL PRISONER, and ought to be put on the common side, not to mix with the gentlemen of the Bench, who only had been guilty of defrauding every tradesman who were weak enough to give them credit, for what they knew they were unable to pay.

A DANGEROUS MOB, of Bath, before the Author's House at *Bath-Hampton*.

SOON after I had published the *Pro Bath Guide*, in which I had told some tales out of school, that proved offensive

ve to some Butchers and dishonest
 ademen; the mob, like Lord George
 ordon's, (who always hold out false co-
 urs) assembled to the amount of some
 undreds, in order to beset my house, or
 destroy me, under the *pretence*, that I had
 used my man to be treacherously im-
 pected at Bristol.

In order to explain this matter, it may
 e necessary to say, that being in want of
 man servant who could occasionally work
 my garden; an innocent pretty country
 ench, then in my family, embraced
 at *favorable opening* to recommend her
 eet heart, the consequence of which
 as what I expected, that Betty would
 on become *thin about the nose*, and *thick*
 out *the waist*, but before poor Betty's

disorder appeared, John informed me that his father and brothers with-held from him fifty pounds, and would neither pay him principal nor interest, and that he had no other security than a note of hand but upon the note being produced, I found he had not even that, for it had neither name nor date to it ! Such a shameful piece of business, I thought too gross to let pass unnoticed, I therefore employed a reputable attorney, and put John's fifty pounds safe into his pocket. Soon after this transaction, it appeared that John *had given Betty a note of word only*, that he would marry her, but having found out *the riddle* without the assistance of the parson of the parish, he would not sign. I took occasion to talk seriously to him,

upon this subject; offered a two gui-
 nea wedding dinner in my orchard, for
 him and his friends, but all to no purpose;
 then observed, that as I had rendered
 him a piece of justice, I would endeavour
 so, to render justice to the woman he
 had so highly injured, and accordingly
 went to Bristol, and settled my plan of
 cooperation with the Lieutenant of a press
 gang, obtaining at the same time his pro-
 mise, that if the man agreed to marry the
 girl, he should dismiss him. The next
 day I took John to Bristol with me, and
 the Lieutenant took him on board a Ten-
 nant. Soon after my return, being, at
 Bath, a mile and a half from my house
 Bathampton, I was informed, that a
 mob, consisting of some hundreds, were
 gone

gone to pull my house down, I immediately ordered a chaise from York House to fetch my wife and two daughters to town, and followed the empty chaise on horse back, previously putting pistols in my saddle, I found men, women and children sitting upon the road side, and asking them what occasion brought them thither, they informed me, *I should soon know*, and as I passed a mow, two men upon the top of it, struck their forks down at me with such force, that had either of them hit me or my horse, might have destroyed us, when I came within a quarter of a mile of Bathampton, I heard the shouting of voices, rattling of tins, sounding of horns, &c. and upon an hundred yards nearer approach

saw a *grimalkin* hanging in a tree, which
 supposed to be a representation of the
 OFFENDER. Upon entering the town nei-
 ther I, nor the chaise, could hardly ap-
 proach my house, for the numbers which
 surrounded it; I said nothing however,
 as I had put my family into it, and seen
 them drove off towards Bath. The mob
 were all infantry, except one horse mount-
 ed by a second representative of the cul-
 prit. Upon such occasions as these, in spite
 of whatever apprehensions may lurk in
 the bosom, the safest way is, to pretend
 at least, not to be apprehensive of perso-
 nal danger; I therefore stood my ground,
 and all the *mobility* had gathered around
 me, and then with the appearance of good
 temper, asked them the cause of their as-
 sembling

sembling, and whether they had any thing to charge me with, from which I could not defend and justify myself. They said I had, in a most treacherous manner, taken my servant with me to Bristol, and sent him out to buy lemons in order to throw him into the hands of a press gang, who had confined him on board a Tender. As all things under the sun are governed by women, and as many of my assembly were of that sex, I considered it *safest*, (for I did not think myself safe) to appeal to them, I observed that many of them knew *our Betty*, that she was a handsome, and I will add said to be a virtuous girl, that John had, under the most solemn promises of marriage, seduced and ruined her, and now refused to furnish

all his engagements, that I had rendered
 him services, and now wished to do so
 for the woman he had so highly injured.
 And as we were in sight of the tree where
 my effigies was suspended by a rope, I
 took occasion to observe, that by the
 laws of this country, no man ought either
 to be condemned, or executed without
 a trial, and a jury of his countrymen;
 that as they had hanged me *first*, I beg-
 ged they would try me *afterwards*, and
 instantly declared my willingness to have
 a jury of twelve women impannelled
 on the spot, and that I would submit
 to a trial, and to the sentence of that fe-
 male jury; for I began to perceive appro-
 bation from every female eye; thus en-
 couraged, I further assured them, that I

H h

was

was so confident of my own innocence and their impartial justice, that I would no longer sit amidst so many of countrymen armed, as if I were afraid, but trusted my person wholly to their disposal, and accordingly threw my pistols over the hedge. I then re-pleaded the conduct of the base deceiver, touched upon the betrayed beauty and innocence of the deluded girl (the case probably of *all* *jury*, if not of all the females present) and in short, I was not only acquitted with honour, but I had the pleasure of seeing *myself* cut down from the fatal *tree*, at the root of which the next day I placed a barrel of ale, and I and my neighbours became better friends than ever. It was the sense however of my jury (m

call them my constituents?) that John
 could be liberated, I therefore wrote to
 Lord Sandwich (a facetious clever man)
 such a letter as I thought a proper one
 on such an occasion *to him*, and obser-
 ved therein, that though it might seem a
 matter of no consequence to his Lordship,
 whom I was unknown, whether I died
 in my bed, or was knocked on the head
 by an enraged mob, yet I begged leave to
 observe, that as it was *mobbing time*; a mob
 which began with me, might end with his
 Lordship; and I hoped therefore he would
 order the man to be discharged. It is a
 trifling thing to transact business with a
 man of sense and discernment, Lord
 Sandwich instantly ordered the man's dis-
 charge, *before* he was under the necessity

of flying from a mob himself, of greater magnitude in London; without time scarce to put on his breeches. Such a man should always be FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY. The man was accordingly discharged, and Lord George's mob, afterwards, convinced his Lordship, that my observation was not altogether *ill founded*. It is a pleasant thing I say to have dealing with a man of sense. Lord Sandwich felt the truth of my observation, he saw the reasonableness of my request, and though he did not apprehend any personal danger to himself, he did as he would be done unto: such men should always be at the head of every department. Men of sense and spirit, are infinitely superior to your smooth flowerly Orators or classical school

ars. Sir John Barnard, without much
 of either, said more to the purpose in
 plain language, than half the Orators of
 the present Century ; we frequently see
 men as great coxcombs in language, as
 we do others in dress.

Singular LAW ANECDOTE.

I HAVE said above, that in money mat-
 ters I have been *always* unfortunate,
 that I must recall that expression ; I *once* in
 my life was fortunate, and that too, under
 the guidance of a lawyer ! but I must first
 observe, that I had put a chancery suit
 into the hands of an eminent lawyer who
 treated me with venison and turtle, and
 who kept me at *bay*, till he wanted to
 make two *peasants* in *Languedoc*, (if they
 were

were to be found) parties to my bill. I knew nothing of law, but I knew that I had no business with *Messrs. Saboe* whatever he had, so I called for my bill, paid him fifty three pounds, and found myself just *where* I was, and *as* I was, except the loss of my fifty three pounds, and the loss of time also. Under this dilemma I happened to see an advertisement in the daily advertiser, which began thus. "The
 " difficulties, distresses, embarrassments of
 " law affairs, &c. speedily adjusted by Q.
 " Q. who was to be spoke with every day
 " on certain hours at a coffee house upon
 " London Bridge." Determining that Q. should neither toss me into the Thames nor jockey me out of another fifty three pounds, I waited upon him, and told him

wh

what my *distresses* and *embarrassments* were,
 and desired he would *speedily adjust them*.
 Mr. O. Q. gave me a very patient hearing,
 and then with much seeming candour
 and ingenuoufness informed me, that he
 thought my cause a very good one, but
 of too great a magnitude for him to
 undertake, observing that *they* only did
 little matters in the conveyancing way,
 &c. I was pleased with the simplicity of
 his manners, treated him with a dish of
 chocolate, and took my leave; but be-
 fore I had got *terra firma* under my feet,
 Mr. O. Q. pursued, overtook and thus ad-
 dressed me,—“ It is plain Sir by your
 application to me, an utter stranger, that
 you do not know a proper solicitor in
 your way to undertake your cause, and
 therefore

therefore as I told you before, though it is too much for *us* to undertake, yet I can introduce you to a gentleman of respectable character, of long and experienced practice in the court of chancery, who will undertake it, and who will carry it to a hearing more expeditiously than any man in England; do not said he rely upon my word, but enquire his general character and abilities of his neighbours, who will instantly wait upon you to his house and did so, and there I found a man of a certain age, with an eye as brilliant as a hawk's, and as deep as a well, with whom my conductor left me, and to whom I communicated my claim, and in the manner I had left my *venison lawyer*

* Mr. P—e was well known to a gentleman who now resides at Bath.

Have you paid him Sir said he? I have;
 then Sir your cause is a good one, and I
 am faithfully at your service.

It was now I thought my turn to ques-
 tion him; how came Mr. O. Q. said I, to
 bring me to you? I do not know, for the
 man is *almost* a stranger to me.—Pray Sir
 what do you think your bill may a-
 mount to, in doing this business? I can-
 not tell, but at most fifty or sixty pounds,
 not more, then Sir instead of treating me
 with turtle and venison, I will treat you
 with a draft on Mr. Hoare for an hundred
 pounds to be paid the day after a decree
 made, whether I succeed or not.—That
 advised my *Hawk's eyed* solicitor, is very
 handsomely said, but it is irregular, and
 much more than my bill can amount
 to, but rest assured, I will execute the

business with speed and punctuality, and he did so; for by presenting a petition to the master of the Rolls, setting forth that I was an officer going abroad, that it was a matter of great importance to me and my family, to be decided before I went, he got it heard at the master's house (Sir John Strange) previous, I think to seven causes which stood before it, and in three months time, I had a decree in my favor and the some thousand pounds in my pocket. Messrs. Wilbarham and Williams were my council, and it had nearly taken an unfavorable turn by the well meant but ill managed pleading of my old *school* fellow, but as his father was an intimate friend of my fathers, kind to all his children, and had allowed me to send my solicitor

licitor from time to time, to consult
 with him during the proceedings, (beside
 having given his son the usual fees) as
 soon as the cause was decided, I put a
 handsome silver bread basket upon his
 table board, as a further mark of my re-
 gard to his family. A mark however,
 that gentleman overlooked, when he ac-
 cepted Lord Orwell's *two guineas*, to be-
 come an advocate against me, in a cause
 which merited rather the appellation of a
Will *secution*, than a *profecution*; indeed it
 was *after* the death of his venerable father;
 he would not; he durst not, have taken
 had his father been living. If the reader
 not already found out Mr. O. Q's.
 I will give him the solution of it;
 Q. was Q. in the corner to my solici-

tor, or what is vulgarly called, *Barker* to that excellent and adroit lawyer, for during my attendance upon Mr. P—— I often observed Mr. Q. coming or going with I presume other Q. in the corn business; and now as *Mackittrick* has said that Mr. FOOT, of facetious memory observed that I am as stupid as an owl and as senseless as a goose; I cannot deny myself the pleasure of relating one instance of the justness of his observation. The same Mr. Foot, took it in his head, when he first opened his very humorous and entertaining mode of *giving chocolate* to his morning visitors; of taking off as *foot*, *phrase* is Mr. Counsellor W—s, in the trial of *Betty Canning* of infamous memory, and by taking the advantage also

his squeeking voice, and effeminate face,
 when cross examining the witnesses, in
 what manner their toast and butter was
 served up, or whether buttered on *both*
sides, or only on one, set the son of my
 respectable friend in a very ridiculous
 light, soon after which, Foot, having ob-
 tained a licence for the little Hay market
 theatre, I was informed he intended to
 entertain his company there also, with a
 representation of that *cross examination* the first
 night of his opening the theatre, I there-
 fore went early to the house, got behind the
 scenes and procured an audience with Mr.
 Foot, I then told him, no man either in the
 theatre, nor out of it, felt or enjoyed his
 humorous pleasantries more than I did,
 when it was exercised to mark, either
 wicked

wicked or infamous characters, but that when he brought before the public, men of respectability, remarkable only for the imperfections of their persons or intellectual faculties, no man could see them with more abhorrence, and as I understood I intended that night to exhibit a gentleman who came under one of those denominations, desired he would *well consider* what he was about, assuring him if he did I would take the sense of the house upon it, and if they would not resent it, I would. I then retired to a place I had secured a box, near the stage, in which I found Mr. W—s brother, and with whom I enjoyed the pleasure of partaking of the evening entertainment, without any thing passing either painful to him, or to myself; and

am glad of this occasion to record such an instance of Mr. Foot's prudence, good sense, and sound judgment. The night before my tryal came on at St. Edmund's Bury, I wrote a letter to the following purpose to Mr. W—s.

S I R,

" It has been a matter of much surprise and concern, to many of my friends, and to some of yours, that the son of Lord Chief Justice Willes, whose favour, friendship and kindneses, were always shewn to me and to all my family, should engage in a paltry and oppressive cause against an old school fellow, and therefore you will excuse me, if I relate a *cause* which I was engaged in, FOR; not AGAINST YOU." I then related what had passed

passed behind the scenes, between me
 and Mr. Foot, and suggested, that which
 probably prevented passing *before* then
 Mr. Willes, who was a good temper
 man, felt I believe very awkward upon
 receiving such an unexpected piece of in
 formation, for he instantly came to my
 lodgings, and I believe would have thrown
 up his brief, had I admitted him, I be
 lieve it, because when I appeared to re
 ceive the *gentle punishments* for my offen
 ces, at the bar of the King's Bench, he
 did refuse his brief, and thereby offend
 Lord Orwell, more than, he did even the
 "*false, scandalous and infamous libelle*
 he had convicted at St. Edmund's Bur
 I must also do Mr. Willes the justice
 say, that I never saw him after this tran

action

tion, either in or off the Bench, that he
 did not convince me, that he was either
 shamed or sorry, for what had passed.
 will not attribute that colour which
 flushed in his cheeks upon those occa-
 sions, to have arose from anger, because
 when I had the honor of meeting him and
 his lady at Lord Kilmorrey's table, he was
 commonly polite to me, nor was Mrs.
 Willes less so to Mrs. Thicknesse; indeed
 he was pleased to tell me it was right, that
 I should be counsel *against me*, because
 I might be very sure, that nothing would
 be said *severe to me* upon the occasion,
 and I must own, I was *never under any ap-
 prehensions that he would*: but as that tryal
 cost me a thousand pounds, I could not
 help thinking Mr. Willes, should have had

K k

some

some little consideration for *my own bread*
basket, as well as for that which I presented
 to him.

A DIGRESSION.

THAT Lord Audley might have it
 his power to return me the thousand
 pounds, or insure his life against mine,
 least I might out-live him, and thereby
 out-live the real want of the fifty pounds
 a year, I could not have wanted during
 my old age, if I had not been too forward
 in making his youthful days more happy.
 I sent him that chapter in which he and
 his brother make no conspicuous a figure,
 but the only notice taken of it, is con-
 tained in the following anonymous letter
 I just received from his *baby* brother Phil

Mr. Touchet's compliments to Mr. Thicknesse, Senior, begs leave to recommend to him to erase certain words which he asserts were inserted in an affidavit written by himself, though he seems now to have totally forgot both the *writer* and the words expressed therein, namely; "*sitting him Mr. T. Junior, on a run away horse* ; and likewise his being of the age of *nineteen or twenty*, as there is not the most distant hint of the former, the latter being totally false, as will appear by comparing the time Mr. T. was born with the *date* of the affidavit, the first was in 1760 the latter dated 1778, which makes it clear he was but eighteen years of age when he was *compell'd* to take it, truth will be truth, though

“ every power may be made use of
“ oppose it. And therefore if Mr. T. S
“ nior, does not erase those words, t
“ *original* affidavit shall be laid before
“ the public to confute him. *
“ And if he pleases *this* also may
“ inserted, as he seems to be very b
“ ren for even *decent* matter to fill up
“ *catch penny* publication.

LONDON, Nov. 29, 1788

“ On perusing this *catch penny* perfor
“ ance further, Mr. Thicknesse, Seni
“ asserts *positively*, page one hundred a
“ thirty, vol. 2d. that it was not at
“ age of eighteen, the oath was tak

“ wh

* Mr. Touchet is requested to publish the affidavit, he
compelled to make at *only* the age of eighteen, it was read
Mr. Wright in his presence, and I believe Mr. W
knows he made no more objection to swear it, than he
now to break it.

which proves he was ashamed of it, as well he might, and also his total disregard to even the shadow of truth !”

To this insolent letter I shall only observe, that it is probable the cause of his making that affidavit about the *run away horse*, may not be inserted in the affidavit, and that the *baby* was only eighteen years of age when I *compelled* him to make it, but he was an independent *baby*, and surely could not have made it without some real imaginary cause; has he forgot the day which Lord Audley urged him to go to Sandridge Hill with him, and why I made them both give their word and honour that he should return the same night to his father? but finding he did not return, I sent an express from York House the same night

night, and when *the brothers* came the
 next day, did he not tell me what an escape
 he *had had*, from a stone quarry which
 had fallen in *upon both*, and nearly
 destroy'd him? why was that express sent?
 I believe Mr. Lucas of York House knows
 I am sure he knows, that an express was
 sent, and Mrs. Thicknesse and I are both
 ready to swear that he charged his brother
 Lord Audley with those two acts of
fraternal affection. I hope neither were
 true, and as he was known throughout
 BATH, and at Moore's academy, and in
 the name of the *Brussell's Gazette*, it is
 very probable both were false, nor would
 he dare to say, he did not write to his
 brother and renounce him, and all correspondence
 whatever with him.

(how

ould I have laid the elder brother under
 ch a restraint; but that the younger
 ad told me of the *horse expedition*, and
 s fears? could a *baby only* eighteen years
 age have been prevailed upon, to ex-
 bit so d——ble a charge against his bro-
 er without any foundation? Yes he
 ight, because he has exhibited as vile a
 e against his father, does he even at-
 mpt to deny it in his insolent letter? a
 n who would dare to insult his father
 th such letters, and such crimes, as he
 s done, might easily be wicked enough
 charge his brother as falsely, and I am
 w much inclined to believe the story
 the run away horse, is a wicked fals-
 od. It is a sad, a melancholy reflection,
 t what my brother (who has had *hun-*
dreds

dreads of children says, I fear is too true. Did you ever said he, know *independent* children behave otherwise to parents? no, I reply I never did, but I never knew or heard of independent children charging their parents with committing forgery, taxing them with cruelty, and yet giving them notes of hand, for five hundred guineas, value receiv'd, for an estate before was conveyed, and without mentioning the conditions, there is something novel in such deeds, is there not young M. Touchet?

¶ The above insolent letter has determined me to negotiate the young gentleman's note of hand, and then if he dares, he may try the validity of it.

A SINGULAR Instance of MINISTERIAL JUSTICE.

A PART of a marching regiment being on duty at Land Guard Fort, under my command, an officious and over *pious* Major, commanding the other part of it at Ipswich, wrote to the Secretary at war, Lord Barrington, complaining that the deputy chaplain to the garrison, not only omitted his duty there on week days, but frequently on the Sabbath, without even mentioning the matter to the deputy, whom he saw every day, and who lived in the same city! Lord Barrington did not reply to the pious Major, but wrote me to know with whom the neglect lay, whether with the proper chaplain,

or the deputy? I informed his lordship that it was a question difficult to answer but a complaint I apprehend improperly lodged, that the neglect, if any, was in the deputy, but submitted it to his lordship's consideration, whether it were not the duty of the regiment chaplain, to attend his own corps, and not expect it to be done by the Fort chaplain, without some recompence; and whether Mr Lloyd, the proper chaplain, who was Rector of Rotherham in Yorkshire; who had a good paternal fortune—who would be a chaplain also to a regiment, and who had never even seen Land Guard Fort, ought not to allow his deputy the whole pay, instead of one shilling a day? and lastly whether a gentleman could be expected

ed to ride fix and twenty miles, two
 three times a week, for so small a pit-
 nce? Lord Barrington in reply to this
 presentation, desired I would recom-
 end a proper person, to be appointed
 chaplain to the garrison, and said he
 would move the King to supersede Mr.
 Lloyd, I therefore recommended the de-
 cay, who had been so unhandsomely
 complained of, as an honest sensible man,
 with a large family, and much to the ho-
 nour of Lord Barrington's head and heart
 who did so; Mr. Layton was appointed
 chaplain, and was paid a shilling a day
 by the regiment's chaplain for doing
 his duty. The Major whose duty led
 him so much astray upon this occasion,
 soon after called upon to answer at

a Court Martial, for a crime of too deep a nature to be mentioned here, and such as led him further *a field*, for rather than appear before the Court Martial, he quitted his country in order to avoid the shame and consequences of such a home charge. This shews that whenever a man pretends to appear better than his neighbours, there is much reason to suspect him somewhat worse, a drunken man always acting the part of a sober one nor was this the only instance I could give of Lord Barrington's impartial justice for when a whole corps had ignorantly united to send my garrison orders to Lord Barrington, as being unwarrantable, and exercising a power not vested with me in order to be laid before the King, which

they told me they had done, and lamented
 the consequence, because I had in my
 private capacity shewn them many marks
 of politeness, Lord Barrington informed
 them that there were none of those orders
 which were not right and proper, and
 that he was sorry to find that any troops
 of the British Army were so ignorant of
 their duty, as not to know, that the gover-
 nor of a garrison had the indisputable
 command of every officer and soldier
 performing duty therein. Truth however
 compels me to say, that I should at this
 time have been in the same command, had
 Lord Barrington wrote me such a let-
 ter, as I thought incompatible with my
 honour to serve any longer, under such
 restrictions, which he had the candour
 to

to inform me, he had recommended the King to lay me under ; and though I do not believe he meant me any injury thereby, yet it was such, that an ignorant attorney of Ipswich, construed as a dismission from the service, but the block-head has been often guilty of mistakes, though not of so deep a dye, as the *mistakes* of his *infamous parson brother*. I therefore told his lordship if I might not be permitted to sell my commission, I would resign it. I was told that was impossible, but Lord Rockingham (it was in his VIRTUOUS ADMINISTRATION) was kind enough to let me resign it, with a recompence of two thousand four hundred pounds from the present possessor, Captain Singleton.

MADMAN conceals himself by Night,
in the AUTHOR's HOUSE.

ABOUT the year 1747, I rented a
house of Mr. *Johnny Wadman's*, at
old Sarum, it was a cottage in the form
of a roman L, in which my man servant's
bed-chamber was at the extremity of the
upper limb of the L, over the brew house,
and quite detached from the other part of
the family, the man going into his bed-
chamber without a candle, about ten
o'clock, during the longest summer days,
saw a human figure sitting in the chair
by his bed-side, high over which was the
only window in the room; but what ad-
ded to his fright exceedingly was, that the
figure appeared to have two heads! one
leap

leap I believe brought him down stairs
 and he really appeared to me (with his
 porcupine head of hair) as terrific as the
 two headed monster had appeared to him.
 As soon as he was able to speak, for he
 could not at first, he informed me that
 man, or a ghost, having *two* heads, was
 sitting by his bed-side! believing there
 was only *one head*, and that a bad one,
 the business, I went half way up the stairs
 but whether my heart failed me, or pru-
 dence dictated, I cannot say (perhaps
 both had their sway) I returned and took
 a highland broad sword in my hand. On
 entering the room, there was light enough
 to perceive the double headed monster
 but his hands and arms, being in shadow
 from the situation of the chair under

the window, it was impossible to see whether he had any *other arms*. He appeared quite motionless as I approached him, with my uplifted sword, till I took him stoutly by the collar, and then his *upper head* fell to the ground. * He made some efforts to recover his bundle, but would not speak a word, not even when threatened and provoked to it, by some smart blows, with the flat part of the sword blade. Thus irritated by his obstinate silence, I brought him down into the court yard, where there was light sufficient to perceive he was a goodly looking man about three score, decently dressed in grey cloaths, but still regardless of my threats, he would not speak! at length I pointed to the pump, to which I led

M m

him,

* A shirt or two, and stockings.

him, and holding him fast, threw up some water to the spout, and after he had drank of it, I again asked him who and what he was, and why he had concealed himself in my house? he then replied with great moderation; *Sir, I have an impediment in my speech*—but is that a reason you should secret yourself in my servant's bed-chamber? why whose house is this? said he, and what is your name? being told; where then said he is my uncle Townshend? I replied, that a gentleman had lived and died in that house of the name of Townshend, and that I was tenant, and I Sir said he am his heir, and come to take possession of my estate. It grew late by this time, and not knowing very well what to do with this new he

and visitor, I took the liberty to lock him
 into a *little temple hard by*, and told him
 he must give some more satisfactory ac-
 count of his embassy before we parted
 the next morning, though I began to sus-
 pect his errand, was neither to rob or
 further. Soon after I had secured my
 prisoner, a neighbouring farmer who had
 rudely heard the bustle from a window
 at of which he would only trust his head,
 upon my telling him what had passed un-
 dermine) said he believed he could in some
 measure account for it. He said that the
 deceased Mr. Townshend had maintained
 an unfortunate nephew many years in a
 bad house at Box, near Bath, and proba-
 bly said he this is the man who has broke
 it, I never saw him, but if it be him,

he is a clergyman, and his name is Acourt. I instantly returned to my *prisoner*, and asking him his name found the farmer's suggestion so far right; I then opened the door, asked Mr. Acourt's pardon, for the rough manner I had received him, and pointed out the danger both he and I had escaped, by his coming to take possession of his fortune in so private and dangerous a manner, but as he was now in possession of it, I begged he would accept of the use of that bed which he had chosen for himself, I then gave him some refreshment, put him to bed, locked him in, and secured the door of the brew house beneath. While he was preparing for bed he told me he always slept in the parlour bed-chamber in his Uncle's time, lent me

is M. S. sermons which he had wrote at
 ox, upon condition that I would not
 ke a copy, and *to me* he was very civil
 and sensible too, considering his condition,
 at he had told the servants he was not a
 soldier, and did not like to be beat. In
 the morning I found both doors broke
 open and my prisoner gone; he returned
 however at night, and lodged with me a
 considerable time, always enquiring whe-
 ther an imaginary wife from Frome had
 been to enquire for him during the past
 year. Pitying more than admiring my
 lodger, I applied to the Magistrates of
 Salisbury, to confine him, as there was
 at that time a place for the reception of
 unfortunate people, but they either
 would not, or could not perceive, that
 the

the poor man was not as *sensible* as *themselves*, though I shewed them a hole in his skull, in which might be seen the working of his brain! he therefore continued my nightly visitor, (for I never saw him during the day) till I was informed that he had been Rector of Bridgetown in Barbadoes, and that the first mark of his insanity appeared by his tearing a young child limb from limb. This alarming information to me and my family, some of whom were young children, determined me to quit the house to the use of the heir at law. The unfortunate man however did not *break out* of Box moor house, he was *turned out*, but *why* he was turned out, Mr. Wadman *the other heir at law*, must explain, I cannot; for he qu

ed his abode reluctantly, and the humane
 keeper of that house parted with him re-
 ctantly also, and gave him gold in his
 ocket when they so parted. And now,
 eing upon this, of all others, the most
 elancholy subject; I cannot help men-
 oning a few observations I have made on
 e conduct of mad persons. No man
 his perfect senses contrives to carry his
 signs into execution, with more craft,
 d secresy than mad men, but however
 schievous or dangerous the acts com-
 tted are, they never make any attempts
 escape or to conceal it. Many of them
 ll converse for hours together without
 covering the least symptom of a disor-
 red mind, unless that subject which most
 ects them is mentioned. Mr. *Gustaldi*,
 Minister

Minister from Genoa to this country with whom I lived in intimacy in the year 1753, with whom I often ate, and who was a very learned and ingenious man, discovered only one single proof of being the least disordered, and that was lamenting that he was immortal!! I cannot die said he, that is my only misfortune. Lord Ferrer's was a mad man, and so Lord George G—n, the former was an object of pity, the latter is so, I do not know him, but I lament that his confinement is not more suitable to the condition of his mind, and his rank in life. Who among us can say that I shall not become a mischievous mad man? why then should mischievous mad men suffer more than those who are passive? The former surely

are the greatest objects of pity. It is *actions* more than *words*, by which the sane, from the insane are to be known, a dangerous mad man should be confined, but he should not be provoked to a greater degree, by insulting paragraphs in news papers, or too severe confinement, it is enough that he be confined.

ANECDOTE of old LORD and LADY THANET.

THAT Lord and Lady lived upon such bad terms together many years, that length they could agree in nothing but part, during the negotiation of that business, which was transacted at NEW BOTTLE in Northamptonshire, they both frequently visited my brother and sister

N n

Grey

Grey at Hinton, to consult about the measures each should take, previous to the separation. My Lady was sister to the late Lady Burlington, and reckoned a great wit, my Lord, much addicted to long story telling, and that garrulity generally attendant upon old age. In one of my lady's consultations with Doctor Grey, she told him some very extraordinary resolutions she was determined to take, and the Doctor positively assured her, that if she did, her Lord will do so, and so, in return; that is impossible said my lady he cannot, he durst not; she accordingly carried her plan into execution and my Lord instantly did as Doctor Grey had foretold. My lady highly exasperated, wrote the Doctor the following letter

Dear

Dear Doctor,

You told me if I did as I told you I would do, my Lord would do *so* and *so*, and so he has, which convinces me, that one tyger always knows what another tyger will do; however we both can agree to see you when you have leisure to visit *Dull-Bottle*. *

I am dear Doctor,

Your Friend, &c.

The Doctor's patron and friend Lord Crew, buried his lady in Steane Chapel, the little rectory mentioned in the first volume, and when Lady Crew's monu-

N n 2

ment

Her ladyship always called *New Bottle*, Dull Bottle, where she declared she had heard the same dull stories told over and over again so often, that it was one of her chief reasons of quitting her Lord and Mansion, pray Mrs. Grey her ladyship, has your husband any one story that he has over and over again to every body who approaches him? My sister confessed the Doctor had, and as the Doctor himself can never relate it again, I will tell it the reader *only once*.

ment was erected, he frequently took the key, retired to the chapel, and placed himself near her remains, and opposite the monument, under which he directed his own body to be placed ; and there it is presumed, he often contemplated mortal men, and immortal life, but the sculptor having put a very ghastly grinning alabaster skull at the bottom of the monument, he took an occasion to say Doctor Grey, I wish Dick that horrid skull had not been placed there? The Doctor who affectionately loved the bishop and wished to render his latter days easy and happy as possible, sent to Bury for the artist to consult with him whether it were possible to turn the skull into a pleasing, instead of a disagreeable

ect? after much consideration the scul-
 eor determined that the only thing he
 ould convert the skull into, was a bunch
 f grapes, and that was accordingly done,
 d so remains to this day, this was the
 octor's story he so often told.

The CONCLUSION.

A Particular friend of mine, says he
 is often asked why I have so many
 ayemies? he replied you should ask me
 y he has so few. Some of the preced-
 anecdotes will account for a numer-
 list of them, but a man said he who
 ys es in absolute retirement, who never
 Bases into public society, and who never
 n winds an evening out of his own house,
 ll in only look for friendship among a few
 le acquaintance; but I could have fur-
 nished

nished him with a much stronger reason which is that I am known to write occasionally in a public paper, and consequently every rascal, (*and there are a few in the world*) becomes of course my enemy. I never made any secret that I assisted the St. James's Chronicle, because I have made it an invariable rule, not to make any personal attack upon the character or conduct of any man, without leaving my name with the printer, or being ready to acknowledge myself the author if called upon for an explanation, if they were persons who were esteemed men of character. One singular instance of which I will relate. Ten or a dozen years since a gentleman of this city, a man of good sense and character, but perhaps like myself

rather

rather eccentric, was attacked in the St. James's chronicle, it was a long simple letter, and therefore a prating old woman of Bath, * laid it at my door, I was in London when the letter was published, and there I read it, but some parts being local, about transactions at Bath Easton villa, I did not even understand it, for I positively declare I did not then, nor do I now know the author of it. Upon my return to Bath, I was informed the gentleman it alluded to, was much exasperated, and was preparing a two and sixpenny poetical reply to it, I was alarmed, and I dreaded to find my hand so near my own's mouth, and I desired a friend therefore, who was intimately known to the

* Mrs. R—c.

the offended gentleman, to assure him, that I was one of the public, who had been highly entertained by his writings and therefore felt myself obliged to him and that I did in the most unequivocal manner, declare myself an utter stranger to the transaction, my friend who delivered this message to the offended party, told me at the same time, that my name had been mentioned as the author, and a three months passed without any notice being taken of my declaration, I had too much reason to fear it had not met with the credit it ought, and I confess it was three months painful suspense, for I knew the press was *in labour* to chastise the supposed author. However when the peevish *brat* was born, it was laid at the door

of a Rev. Divine, who it seems had been all that time under a much more painful suspense than I was, not that he was more guilty, for he also was perfectly innocent; but he was in a bad state of health, and so oppressed with nervous complaints, that his friends thought it would kill him. However he *publickly* declared his innocence, and most solemnly assured the unjustly offended poet, that he never wrote a line relative to him, except an elegant poetical compliment which he republished with his defence. The real author of the nonsensical letter, is to this day unknown. I then became a fellow feeler, as well as a fellow sufferer with the Divine, and I assisted him as well as I could, in every kind of news paper reprisal which

lay in my power, but before I left Bath to make my *wandering* tour into Spain, wrote the doubly and unjustly offended gentleman a letter, and therein again assured him, I did not write the foolish letter which had given him so much offence but as he had kept me three months in hot water, at a time he ought to have removed my anxiety, and had wantonly attacked another innocent man, I had made myself a partaker of his injuries, and therefore I did write many *squibs*, *crackers* and *indignities* afterwards; I must however confess, that the poetical reprisal, was far less contemptible and despicable as the prose accusation. * And now having

* If after the unjustly attacked clergyman had in the most solemn manner declared his innocence, nay proved it, by republishing the complimentary verses, the Half-Crown

my garrulous stories, as well as my age,
 hurry, and *opium* enabled me, I cannot
 look it over without being reminded
 by the voice of our town BELL-MAN,
 how much my prose performance resem-
 bles his, the Bell man's poetical address,
 to his noble *masters and mistresses*. I there-
 fore like him, beg leave to return my
 most respectful thanks to the many Noble
 masters and mistresses, who have so ge-
 nerously contributed to enable me to de-
 velop my military character, so falsely at-
 tacked by a daring impostor, and to as-
 sure them, that I have caused advertise-
 ments to be inserted in the Jamaica Ga-

O o 2

zette

still appeared in the Booksellers windows in London, tho'
 were suppressed at Bath, I shall not dread the bitterest mode
 of *dissection*, the poet can devise, for having told the tale,
 I have told it for truth sake, and to deter other wits from
 doing before they look, not from personal resentment for I
 none.

zette, in hopes of finding some gentlemen still living in that Island, who can attest that Mr. Concannen was the unfortunate gentleman who commanded me, and the foldiers in Spanish River, more than fifty years ago, and that he, not me, had the sole command, and that James Mackittrick is the *sole person*, either there or here, who has dared to assert the contrary, and I hereby pledge myself, if I receive any information from Jamaica on that subject, whatever it be, to lay it before the public in the St. James's Chronicle, the instant I receive it; provided it comes from a gentleman of character with his name *real*, not an *assumed name*. If the ingenious Doctor now imagines himself in possession of the field of battle, much good

may the laurels he has won do him. I
 solemnly promise never to engage with
 such a *valiant champion* again, nor ever
 to read a line he writes, nor hear a
 word he puts forth, during the remainder
 of my days, but as he has so falsely set
 forth a *timid transaction* of my youth, I
 will record a bold one of his, in his old
 age. His own and only brother, who died
 lately at Winchester, sent for him in his
 illness, and left him and his son, at his
 death, all he had to leave, about a thou-
 sand pounds. Upon Doctor *Adair's* arri-
 val to visit his brother Dr. *Mackittrick*,
 the well Doctor *Adair*, perceived that the
 sick Doctor *Mackittrick*, could not *hauld*
above a day or two; Dr. *Adair* therefore
 with that spirit which he has in his *cau-*
tions

tions so strongly recommended to his brethren, sent immediately for the plumber to take measure for his brother's *lead doublet*, but as the poor man was as sensible, as he was sick, his brother would not treat him as a criminal is when he to be hung in chains, very humanely before the plumber a suit of the Doctor's old cloathes, *for measure*, however the *goods* came home too short by the head, and the poor doctor, though not hung in chains was buried with a *wry neck* as if he had been a malefactor? This is not a *wild Negroe story*, nor one without head and tail, I pledge myself to produce a *Lady* of fashion and character, an inhabitant of Winchester, and one who had much regard for the *wry necked Doctor*, who was

so shocked at this instance of *fraternal affection*, that she left the town the day of the funeral, to avoid seeing so painful a procession.

But I have been since told the surviving Doctor *Adair*, says that the dying Doctor *Mackittrick*, desired he might be "*coffined as soon as he was dead, and buried as soon as he was cold.*" The spot where the departed brother's cold remains lie in St. Michael's Church Yard, is marked from the pen of the living brother thus, "*In^o Mackittrick, M. D. 1784.*" And as I dare say the living Doctor will cause his remains to be laid by the side of his dear departed brother, I think the following epiph written by our Bell man would not be amiss.

Here

Here lie the bodies, bless their Skill,
 Of two Scots Brethren, of the Pill,
 Pray Mr. Devil, have an eye to James,
 Don't let him Nick you by changing names

And now, that the turbulent scene of
 life, nay of life itself, is nearly over,
 would not have it thought that I consider
 myself so much an unfortunate, as an un-
 lucky man; I set out in life, without an
 patrimony, and in struggling through
 it, I have obtained that which every
 man aims at, but few acquire; SOLITUDE
 and RETIREMENT, and have not only
 been in possession of it for some years, but
 have been sensible that it is the only life
 in the last stage of life, where with a few
 friends

friends a man can find peace. The duplicity of mankind; and the satiety of enjoyments, all tend to shew, that even the splendid scenes which surround the palaces of wealth and greatness, are never thought compleat, unless marked by some shady Cave and the abode of an imaginary Anchorite, nor is all the magnificence of Architecture displayed in Temples, Columns, and Porticoes, sufficient to adorn our modern Edens, without the contrasted form of some humble Cot, where solitary sanctity might be supposed to retire, for where is the man whose lot has been cast in the active scenes of the world, who has not often in the midst of them, exclaimed with the prophet Jeremiah; *O that I had a place in the Wilderness?* though .

P p

there

there are but few who have the resolution to obey the impulse which would guide them thither; some lurking passion yet unsatiated; some idle hope yet unextinguished, some natural weakness yet unmoved, keeps most men halting between the engagements or pleasures of life, and the leisure of retirement, till it is too late. Whether I have found such a retreat, the reader will be able to judge when he has read the following feeble attempt I have made, to describe my humble *Cabane*, in the following letter to a friend at Brussells. I flatter myself he will think I have, because I can assure him, it is some years that the sun has not set upon it, without my being present, and a spectator of the noblest sight of God's wonderful works.

YOU ask me, dear Sir, * to send you a
description of my delightful Hermitage;
 and though your residence in another
 kingdom, and my desire to oblige you,
 urge me to attempt it, yet I must apprize
 you, that it is impossible to comply with
 your request.

Descriptive writing is, of all others,
 even with an able pen, the most difficult;
 and though I might succeed a little in the
 description of *Montserrat*, (an object so sin-
 gularly novel,) yet I feel myself utterly
 incapable to describe such a spot as this—
 a spot so fortunately placed, so irregularly
 marked, and a little improved by my own
 hands. For when all is said that can be

* Sir John O'Carroll, Bart.

said, the best description would convey but a very imperfect idea of the place.

Suppose, for instance, I had never seen your beautiful daughter, and you were to write me a particular description of her person, features, &c. I could only conclude, that she is a very charming and beautiful woman; but yet I could not know her when we met by that description. If then, the feature of a human face or person cannot be described, how can the aspect of hills, dales, wood-land inclosures, rivers, buildings, &c. be otherwise delineated, than with an able pencil, instead of a pen? and therefore I can only say, that the situation is inferior to few spots any where, that the *tout ensemble* renders it in my eyes a little *bijou*

and observe that most strangers are pleased with it.

It commands a south-west prospect, and hangs on the side of Lansdown hills, and so close under a high tump to the north, that we are perfectly sheltered from the severe winds of that quarter, and in a great measure from the east winds also; for though it is a quarter of an hour's steep walk from the west end of the Royal Crescent in Bath, and commands just so much prospect that the eye can take in the verdure, and no more, yet Lord THURLOW, as pleased, in *pleasantry*, to name it *Gully-Hall*.

From my little study window, however, I look down upon BATH with that difference, which age, and a long knowledge

ledge of its contents, or rather discontents, have furnished me, and with infinite pleasure on a mile and a half of the gentle Avon gliding down the vale, and now and then, seeing the swelling bosom of deep-laden barks freighted with merchandise; which I consider as returning messengers, whom I have sent forth to fetch me Tea from Asia, Sugar from America, Wine from France, and Fruit from Portugal.

But to return to *Gully-Hall*; for when great rains fall on the mountains which shelter us from the northern winds, yet they do not hinder a very rapid stream which sometimes tumbles down with mighty force indeed; but by being kindly attended to, and invited to take a few

turn

turns between a variety of little *breast-works*, with which the buxom valley is adorned, I rather consider it an ornament than a defect; though none of the *bosoms* on the banks are barren, and some yield a constant stream of the purest water, in or near Bath.

No little spot of ground can be more beautifully irregular, broken, and divided, than this dingle; and no wonder; for it is as GOD formed it, and as He willed the stately trees to grow, which shade it, and who causes the whole surface annually to be covered with the primrose, violet, and all the elder sisters of the spring. I have therefore taken a few steps about it, but with caution, to avoid disturbing such adorable marks of the founder

der

der of all things visible and invisible; and my eyes are as often turned upwards and downwards, with delight and gratitude that such a walk, narrow and humble as it is, and limited as I am, is to be my last scene on this side the grave.

The insolence of a fellow who possesses more land than manners or honesty once drove me out of this sequestered shade, and I sold it to my youngest son the house I then left upon it (if a house could be called) he was pleased to *improve* and now its front resembles Alderman Pudding's house, over-against the Pack Horse on Turnham-Green; and therefore the inclosed drawing is sketched from a point, in which only a bit of the house is seen, peeping through the trees. You

will see however, the hermit's hut, built on the side of the dingle, at which we chiefly reside in the summer.

So much for a little art and nature:—but I must inform you, that from the great quantity of broken urns which were turned up, wherever we opened the ground, on a little lawn which overhangs the dingle, I was led to suspect this to be the spot where the ROMANS buried their dead, when they inhabited BATH; and upon deeper enquiries, I found my conjecture established beyond a doubt. But unfortunately the SAXONS, or some succeeding race, made the same use of it, so that I have never met with a perfect urn, but thousands of their fragments, and many of the convex stones which covered the

tops of the urns to prevent the incumber
mould from mixing with the ashes of the
dead.

Three stone coffins have been dug up
two Saxon, and one Roman; the latter
had the body in it, quite perfect, and some
of the flesh on the skull. It had been co
vered with a pickle, which preserved it

Fast fixed (and never more to *move*) on
the side of my hermit's hut, is secured
the body of my old *Wandering Shai*
and on an old decayed oak, which grow
through the roof of the kitchen, the fol
lowing lines are engraven on the rind, a
a *memento* to MAN :—

“ Stranger

Stranger, kneel here, to age due homage pay!
 When first ELIZA held Britannia's sway
 My growth began:—the same illustrious morn,
 Joy to the hour, was gallant SYDNEY born.
 SYDNEY, the darling of Arcadia's swains,
 SYDNEY, the terror of the martial plains,
 He perish'd early; I just staid behind
 In hundred years, and lo! my clefted rind,
 My wither'd boughs, foretell destruction nigh.
 We all are mortal;—Oaks and Heroes die."

Near a rude arch, on all sides embraced
 With the twisted eglantine, is a perforated
 Rock-stone, from which constantly runs a
 Small stream of the purest water imagin-
 able, that falls into a Saxon coffin dug up
 Hard by; from the length and narrowness of
 which I have disposed myself to believe
 The body which I found in it to be that of a
 Beautiful Saxon virgin; so that instead of

being hurt with the idea of its original use, it is become only a memento of what we must all come to. And who knows but "some kindred spirit" may, a thousand years hence, make the same use of my departed daughter's coffin; which, alas! lies hard by, and in close contact with the old Roman knight's mentioned above, which is to receive what remains of myself.

Now do not wonder! for I must inform you, that some years since I had scooped out a cave on the side of the dingle, under the spreading roots of an ash tree, and turned a rude arch in front of it; and there placed, cut in relief, the head of that wonderful genius THOMAS CHARTERTON, with the following lines beneath it :

" Sacre

" Sacred to the Memory of

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Unfortunate Boy !

Short and Evil were thy Days,

But the Vigour of thy Genius shall immortalize Thee.

Unfortunate Boy !

Poorly wast Thou accommodated,

During thy Short Sojourning among us.

Thou livedst unnoticed,

But thy Fame shall never die."

Since which, the long, painful, and
hopeless illness of my daughter, which
had worn her down to death, and her pa-
rents to such a deep sorrow, that the idea
of the procession of removing her remains
down the hill seemed to us but one re-
move less painful than that fatal remove
between LIFE and DEATH; and therefore,
as she was virtuous, dutiful, and not void
of

of some genius, we have deposited his body beneath the only monumental floor raised in *Britain* to the greatest Genius of *Britain*, or perhaps any other nation under the sun, has produced: apologizing however, for so bold a step, by the following beautiful lines from POPE, and fulfilling, in some measure, the offering proposed :

- " What tho' no sacred earth afford thee room
- " Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb
- " Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd
- " And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast
- " Here shall the morn'g her earliest tears bestow
- " Here the first roses of the year shall blow;
- " While angels with their silver wings o'erha
- " The ground now sacred by thy reliques made

Since which, some (unknown) admirer
of my daughter published in one of the
Morning Papers, the following lines, which
he modestly terms 'Elegiac Lines' offered
to her memory. They were too flattering
to be neglected, and therefore on the mo-
del of the LYONS *Taurobolium*, which
guards the unhallowed spot, they likewise
are impressed, and are as follows:

READER, if Youth should sparkle in thine eye,

If on thy cheek the flow'r of Beauty blows,

Here shed a tear, and heave the pensive sigh,

Where Beauty, Youth, and Innocence, repose.

Doth Wit adorn thy mind, doth Science pour

Its ripen'd bounties on thy vernal year?

Behold, where death has cropt the plenteous store!

And heave the sigh, and shed the pensive tear.

Does Musick's dulcet notes dwell on thy tongue,

And do thy fingers sweep the sounding lyre?

" Behold

" Behold, where she lies ! who sweetly sung
 " The melting strains a Cherub might inspire.
 " Of Youth, of Beauty, then, be vain no more,
 " Of Musick's power, of Wit, and Learning's prize,
 " For while you read, these charms may all be o'er,
 " And ask to share the grave where Anna lies."

I cannot, however, quit this melancholy subject, without mentioning an accidental object, which, on a superstitious mind, might operate very forcibly. The workmen, in turning this rude arch, put up the stones unhewn, in the most irregular manner ; yet it so happened, that two whitish stones, something of a bastard alabaster kind, were so laid, that since my daughter's death, and the place becoming more an object of serious attention, I perceived that those stones, at certain oblique point of view, offer a very

striking

striking figure of a winged angel, and consequently are now emblematical of the lines, which almost touch the "silver wings" of this natural piece of sculpture.

It is a pleasing idea, and no unnatural one, I hope, (however it may favour of Poetry) to suppose that there are an host of saints and angels offering up their prayers to GOD in behalf of departed spirits. Surely then the inhabitants of an hermitage may so far join in the prayers or faith of the Catholick Church, that however divided we are *here*, as to particular points of faith, that by their intercession we may all meet hereafter: for alas! I fear

R r there

there is little probability of you and meeting here.

I am, dear Sir,

&c. &c.

P. S. Dr. YOUNG, author of the *Night Thoughts*, being introduced where I was on a visit in London, he attracted the attention of all the company, but in a particular manner that of an elderly lady who was so astonished to find him a cheerful lively old man, instead of the gloomy Being she had conceived him to be, that she could not help expressing to him her agreeable surprise. "O Madam," (replied the Doctor) "there is much difference between *writing* and *talking* :"—

So, that you may not conclude me altogether lost in sorrow and sadness, I must

give

ve you the epitaph on one of my fellow
avellers. He was a very honest fellow,
the following lines will testify:—

True to his master, gen'rous, brave,
his friend, companion, not his slave;
And without fawning, still the same,
When fortune smil'd, or when the dame,
Led the poor Wanderer such a dance,
In exile sad, thro' Spain and France.
Push then, ye human sons of b----s,
Who fawn on rascals for their riches,
Let grudge the tribute of a tear,
To the poor dog which slumbers here.

Mrs. THICKNESSE, who presents her
compliments to you and your's, calls out
Pray put me in, for I am afraid I shall

die soon." So I repeated to her the following Epigram:

My sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Oft tells me " PHILLY, I shall die."
I griev'd; but recollecting strait,
'Twere bootless to contend with fate;—
So resignation to Heaven's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill.
'Twas well it did;—for on my life,
'Twas Heaven's will to *spare my wife*.

You will conclude, my dear sir, that spot which is so respectable for *modern* as well as *ancient endowments*, and which is to be farther enriched with *kindred ashes* will not be left liable to the precarious disposal of an auctioneer's wooden hammer:—

mer :—No, fir ; if no child of *our's* survive
 us to enjoy it, it shall devolve to a most
 respectable GENTLEMAN of BATH, or to
 his heirs ; a Gentleman, with whom I ne-
 ver ate or drank, and for reasons he, or
 they, will *then* know ; but which I will
 carry to the grave with me.

The following lines, which are in a lit-
 tle recess at the foot-path gate, are too ap-
 plicable to be omitted, though they may
 be rather out of place :—

Here let Time's creeping winter shed
 his hoary snow around my head ;
 and while I feel, by slow degrees,
 my fluggard blood wax chill and freeze,
 let thought unveil to my fix'd eye
 the scenes of deep Eternity ;

Till

Till life dissolving at the view,
I wake! and find those visions true.

St. Catherine's Hermitage,
Feb. 1st, 1786.

* * Since the preceding Sketch has been printed off, the following IMPROMPTU, written by the ingenious MASTER, has appeared in the *European Magazine*; and I own I am too much pleased with the compliment paid to the Quick and the Dead, to omit it of that account. So, by way of Codicil to my Letter, I add that, and the Hermit's Prayer.

IF breath of mortal fame can pleasure yield
To shades of Genius in the Elysian field;
—Spirit of injur'd CHATTERTON! rejoice,
And hear of fame the late applauding voice!

Thill penury deprefs'd thy Muse of fire,
 and SUICIDE's rude hand unstrung thy lyre.-----

Tho' all the Muses smil'd upon thy birth,
 and shew'd thee as a prodigy on earth ;

O ! such the hard conditions of thy fate !
 living despis'd, lamented when too late :

thy thread of life (by too severe a doom)

Was early cut, e'en in thy youthful bloom,

for was thy name yet honour'd with a tomb.

CHATTERTON ! i if thou mayd'st deign to smile

in one recess of thine ungrateful isle ;

suppress a-while thy just indignant rage,

and view well-pleas'd the WANDERER's Hermitage ;

where thy delighted eye at last may see

the grateful monument arise to thee :

one worthy individual thus supply'd

That all thy boasted patrons have deny'd.

THE HERMIT's PRAYER.

GOD of my Life, who numbere'st my
 days, teach me to meet, with gra-
 titude

titude or patience, the good or ill which the tide of time shall float down upon me; but never, O God, I humbly beseech Thee, withdraw from me those native spirits which have been the cheering companions of my existence, and have spread a gliding even upon my misfortunes.

Continue to me, O GOD of Life, those powers, that I may view with rapture the inexhaustible VOLUME of NATURE, which Thou hast spread before mine eyes; in every page of which, I read the impression of thy omnipotent hand.

It is with inexpressible concern that I now find myself under the Necessity of adding to the above Description, to my *paradisiacal* Abode; the following Advertisement, but I have lived to perceive, that two Events are not very remote, and if either of them happen in my Life, it will render my Residence *here*, incompatible with my scanty Income.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

On the 15th of JUNE, 1789, will be Sold by Auction, ST. CATHERINE'S HERMITAGE, near Bath.—For further Particulars, enquire of Mr. FORES, Bookseller, in Piccadilly; or of Mr. PLURA, Auctioneer, at Bath.

THAT I may finish this motley performance with a tail piece, to tally with the *occasional introduction*; I will do it by congratulating my country men under the present melancholy condition of the Sovereign, that the Prince his son is vested, though imperfectly, with that regal power which is not only due to his ROYAL HIGHNESS'S birth, but consistent also to his PRINCELY ENDOWMENTS.

It seldom falls to the lot of any Kingdom, to see a Prince at the head of it, who was mixed with mankind, and thereby gathered that worldly knowledge which cannot be taught in private, as it is to be observed, when that has happened, it has proved fortunate to the people so go-

S f

verned

verned. The education of Princes in general, is so different from that of private gentlemen, that when they possess power it is often without sufficient knowledge to exercise it with judgment; and then, some bold daring minister wrests the Sceptor in a manner from his hands. Did THE PEOPLE imagine from the late violence, the two parties conducted themselves before the Regency was settled, arose purely from a desire to promote the welfare of the state? if they did, they were egregiously mistaken, I doubt not by a few good men on both sides, were so actuated, but at such times, it is particularly necessary to keep a watchful eye upon the most clamorous, and more particularly on such men who endeavour to be thought better

than their neighbours, as they are in general,
somewhat worse.

A drunken man is always acting the
part of a sober one, and a man may be as
much intoxicated with power, as with
wine, and not only think himself upon
equality with his Prince, but unguarded
enough to avow it publickly. A Nation
governed as this HAS, IS, I hope always
will be governed, since the GLORIOUS
REVOLUTION, should never vest too much
power in the hands of such arrogant men;
this is a foolish wisdom says Mr. HUME
which is so carefully displayed, in un-
valuing Princes, and putting them
upon a level with the meanest of man-
kind; though it be true, that an Ana-
tomist finds no difference in the great-

“ est Monarch, than in the lowest day la
 “ bourer or peasant, for what do all these fu
 “ reflections tend to? we all of us still le
 “ retain these prejudices in favor of high wi
 “ birth, and family, and in our serious ag
 “ occupations, and most careless amuse Dr
 “ ments, can never get rid of them.” I we
 is for the welfare of society it should be the
 so, and we may justly pronounce such qu
 men who deliver sentiments contrary fol
 it, unworthy of power, nay dangerous top
 to be trusted with it. The subject who mo
 declares himself equal to his Prince, would tun
 become his superior if he could. It is exc
 matter of very little consequence who lea
 prime minister in such a Kingdom as this wh
 if the sovereign be a man of sense, and I
 though I have long since ceased to enter thou

tain any very high opinion of Mr. Fox, further than of his parliamentary Knowledge, yet were that to happen here, which did happen two thousand years ago, at *Athens*, between *ESCHINES* and *DEMOSTHENES*, I should not wonder if he were to do, as the victorious statesman did there, who having by his superior eloquence caused his competitor to be exiled, followed him privately, soothed him with topicks of consolation, and offered him money to console him under his misfortunes, whereupon the banished statesman exclaimed, alas! with what regret do I leave a country, and my fellow citizens; where my very enemies are so generous.

If what Mr. Sheridan declared in the house, and which stands uncontradicted be

be true, may we not say with Sir John Harrington.

Ferro, non auro, vitam cernamus utrique,

Vos ne velit, tel me regnare hora quidve ferat fors.

Try we with glittering WORDS, not glittering Gold,
Which of *us two*, the HIGHEST SEAT SHALL HOLD.

Erratum page 23. The King was not abroad, it was a former Court Martial, in the late King's time, which led the Author into that mistake,

The E N D.

Mrs. Thicknesse's sketches of the lives and writings of the Ladies of France, may be had of Mr. Fores, Bookseller, in Piccadilly.—A sketch of the life and paintings of Mr. Gainborough—And two epistles to Messrs. Falconer and Makittrick by Mr. Thicknesse—and the Art of decyphering, and writing in Cypher, with [an Harmonic Alphabet.



